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WYANDOTTÉ;

OR,

THE HUTTED KNOLL.

VOL. I.

WYANDOTTÉ;

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THE HUTTED KNOLL.

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BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

"THE PATHFINDER," "DEERSLAYER," "LAST OF THE MOHICANS," "PIONEERS," "PRAIRIE," ETC.,

"I venerate the Pilgrim's cause,
Yet for the red-man dare to plead;
We bow to Heaven's recorded laws,
He turns to nature for his creed."

SPRAGUE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

THE history of the borders is filled with legends of the sufferings of isolated families during the troubled scenes of colonial warfare. Those which we now offer to the reader are distinctive in many of their leading facts, if not rigidly true in the details. The first alone is necessary to the legitimate objects of fiction.

One of the misfortunes of a nation is to hear little besides its own praises. Although the American revolution was probably as just an effort as was ever made by a people to resist the first inroads of oppression, the cause had its evil aspects, as well as all other human struggles. We have been so much accustomed to hear everything extolled, of late years, that could be

dragged into the remotest connection with that great event, and the principles which led to it, that there is danger of overlooking truth in a pseudo-patriotism. Nothing is really patriotic, however, that is not strictly true and just, any more than it is paternal love to undermine the constitution of a child by an indiscriminate indulgence in pernicious diet. That there were demagogues in 1776, is as certain as that there are demagogues in 1843, and will probably continue to be demagogues as long as means for misleading the common mind shall exist.

A great deal of undigested morality is uttered to the world under the disguise of a pretended public virtue. In the eye of reason, the man who deliberately and voluntarily contracts civil engagements is more strictly bound to their fulfilment than he whose whole obligations consist in an accident over which he had not the smallest control, that of birth; though the very reverse of this is usually maintained under the influence of popular prejudice. The reader will probably discover how we view this matter in the course of our narrative.

Perhaps this story is obnoxious to the charge

of a slight anachronism, in representing the activity of the Indians a year earlier than any were actually employed in the struggle of 1775. During the century of warfare that existed between the English and French colonies, the savage tribes were important agents in furthering the views of the respective belligerents. The war was on the frontiers, and these fierce savages were, in a measure, necessary to the management of hostilities that invaded their own villages and hunting-grounds. In 1775, the enemy came from the side of the Atlantic; and it was only after the struggle had acquired force, that the operations of the interior rendered the services of such allies desirable. In other respects, without pretending to refer to any real events, the incidents of this tale are believed to be sufficiently historical for all the legitimate purposes of fiction.

In this book the writer has aimed at sketching several distinct varieties of the human race, as true to the governing impulses of their education, habits, modes of thinking, and natures. The red-man had his morality as much as his white brother, and it is well known that even Christian ethics are coloured and governed by standards of

opinion set up on purely human authority. The honesty of one Christian is not always that of another, any more than his humanity, truth, fidelity, or faith. The spirit must quit its earthly tabernacle altogether, ere it cease to be influenced by its tints and imperfections.

August 24, 1843.

THE HUTTED KNOLL.

CHAPTER I.

An acorn fell from an old oak tree,
And lay on the frosty ground—
'O, what shall the fate of the acorn be?'
Was whispered all around
By low-toned voices chiming sweet,
Like a floweret's bell when swung—
And grasshopper steeds were gathering fleet,
And the beetle's hoofs up-rung.

MRS. SEBA SMITH.

THERE is a wide-spread error on the subject of American scenery. From the size of the lakes, the length and breadth of the rivers, the vast solitudes of the forests, and the seemingly boundless expanse of the prairies, the world has come to attach to it an idea of grandeur; a word that is in nearly every case misapplied. The scenery

of that portion of the American continent which has fallen to the share of the Anglo-Saxon race very seldom rises to a scale that merits this term; when it does, it is more owing to the accessories, as in the case of the interminable woods, than to the natural face of the country. To him who is accustomed to the terrific sublimity of the Alps, the softened and yet wild grandeur of the Italian lakes, or to the noble witchery of the shores of the Mediterranean, this country is apt to seem tame and uninteresting as a whole; though it certainly has exceptions that carry charms of this nature to the verge of loveliness.

Of the latter character is the face of most of that region which lies in the angle formed by the junction of the Mohawk with the Hudson, extending as far south, or even farther than the line of Pennsylvania, and west to the verge of that vast rolling plain which composes Western New York. This is a region of more than ten thousand square miles of surface, embracing to-day ten counties at least, and supporting a rural population of nearly half a million of souls, excluding the river towns.

All who have seen this district of country, and

who are familiar with the elements of charming rather than grand scenery it possesses, are agreed in extolling its capabilities, and, in some instances, its realities. The want of high finish is common to everything of this sort in America; and, perhaps, we may add, that the absence of picturesqueness, as connected with the works of man, is a general defect; still, this particular region, and all others resembling it—for they abound on the wide surface of the twenty-six states—has beauties of its own, that it would be difficult to meet with in any of the older portions of the earth.

They who have done us the honour to read our previous works will at once understand that the district to which we allude is that of which we have taken more than one occasion to write; and we return to it now, less with a desire to celebrate its charms, than to exhibit them in a somewhat novel and yet perfectly historical aspect. Our own earlier labours will have told the reader, that all of this extended district of country, with the exception of belts of settlements along the two great rivers named, was a wilderness, anterior to the American revolution. There was a minor

class of exceptions to this general rule, however, to which it will be proper to advert, lest, by conceiving us too literally, the reader may think he can convict us of a contradiction. In order to be fully understood, the explanations shall be given at a little length.

While it is true, then, that the mountainous region, which now contains the counties of Schoharie, Otsego, Chenango, Broome, Delaware, &c., was a wilderness in 1775, the colonial governors had begun to make grants of its lands some twenty years earlier. The patent of the estate on which we are writing lies before us; and it bears the date of 1769, with an Indian grant annexed, that is a year or two older. This may be taken as a mean date for the portion of country alluded to; some of the deeds being older, and others still more recent. These grants of land were originally made, subject to quit-rents to the Crown; and usually on the payment of heavy fees to the colonial officers, after going through the somewhat supererogatory duty of "extinguishing the Indian title," as it was called. The latter were pretty effectually "extinguished" in that day, as well as in our own; and it would

be a matter of curious research to ascertain the precise nature of the purchase-money given to the aborigines. In the case of the patent before us, the Indian right was "extinguished" by means of a few rifles, blankets, kettles, and beads; though the grant covers a nominal hundred thousand, and a real hundred and ten or twenty thousand acres of land.

The abuse of the grants, as land became more valuable, induced a law, restricting the number of acres patented to any one person, at any one time, to a thousand. Our monarchical predecessors had the same facilities, and, it may be added, the same propensities, to rendering a law a dead letter, as belongs to our republican selves. The patent on our table, being for a nominal hundred thousand acres, contains the names of one hundred different grantees, while three several parchment documents at its side, each signed by thirty-three of these very persons, vest the legal estate in the first named, for whose sole benefit the whole concession was made; the dates of the last instruments succeeding, by one or two days, that of the royal patent itself.

Such is the history of most of the original

titles to the many estates that dotted the region we have described, prior to the revolution. Money and favouritism, however, were not always the motives of these large concessions. Occasionally, services presented their claims; and many instances occur in which old officers of the army, in particular, received a species of reward by a patent for land, the fees being duly paid, and the Indian title righteously "extinguished." These grants to ancient soldiers were seldom large, except in the cases of officers of rank; three or four thousand well-selected acres being a sufficient boon to the younger sons of Scottish lairds, or English squires, who had been accustomed to look upon a single farm as an estate.

As most of the soldiers mentioned were used to forest life, from having been long stationed at frontier posts, and had thus become familiarized with its privations, and hardened against its dangers, it was no unusual thing for them to sell out, or go on half-pay, when the wants of a family began to urge their claims; and to retire to their "patents," as the land itself, as well as the instrument by which it was granted, was in-

variably termed, with a view of establishing themselves permanently as landlords.

These grants from the Crown, in the portions of the colony of New York that lie west of the river counties, were generally, if not invariably, simple concessions of the fee, subject to quit-rents to the King, and reservations of mines of the precious metals, without any of the privileges of feudal seignory, as existed in the older manors on the Hudson, on the islands, and on the Sound. Why this distinction was made, it exceeds our power to say; but, that the fact was so, as a rule, we have it in proof, by means of a great number of the original patents themselves, that have been transmitted to us from various sources. Still, the habits of "home" entailed the name, even where the thing was not to be found. Titular manors exist, in a few instances, to this day, where no manorial rights were ever granted; and manor-houses were common appellations for the residences of the landlords of large estates, that were held in fee, without any exclusive privileges, and subject to the reservation named. Some of these manorial residences were of so primitive an appearance as to induce the

belief that the names were bestowed in pleasantry; the dwellings themselves being of logs, with the bark still on them, and the other fixtures to correspond. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, early impressions and rooted habits could easily transfer terms to such an abode; and there was always a saddened enjoyment among these exiles, when they could liken their forest names and usages to those they had left in the distant scenes of their childhood.

The effect of the different causes we have here given was to dot the region described, though at long intervals, with spots of a semi-civilized appearance, in the midst of the vast — nay, almost boundless — expanse of forest. Some of these early settlements had made considerable advances towards finish and comfort ere the war of '76 drove their occupants to seek protection against the inroads of the savages; and, long after the influx of immigration which succeeded the peace, the fruits, the meadows, and the tilled fields of these oases in the desert, rendered them conspicuous amidst the blackened stumps, piled logs, and smutty fallows of an active and bustling settlement. At even a much later day, they were

to be distinguished by the smoother surfaces of their fields, the greater growth and more bountiful produce of their orchards, and by the general appearance of a more finished civilization, and of greater age. Here and there, a hamlet had sprung up; and isolated places like Cherry Valley and Wyoming were found, that have since become known to the general history of the country.

Our present tale now leads us to the description of one of those early personal or family settlements, that had grown up, in what was then a very remote part of the territory in question, under the care and supervision of an ancient officer of the name of Willoughby. Captain Willoughby, after serving many years, had married an American wife; and, continuing his services until a son and daughter were born, he sold his commission, procured a grant of land, and determined to retire to his new possessions, in order to pass the close of his life in the tranquil pursuits of agriculture, and in the bosom of his family. An adopted child was also added to his cares. Being an educated as well as a provident man, Captain Willoughby had set about the execution of this scheme with

deliberation, prudence, and intelligence. On the frontiers, or lines, as it is the custom to term the American boundaries, he had become acquainted with a Tuscarora, known by the English *sobriquet* of "Saucy Nick." This fellow, a sort of half-outcast from his own people, had early attached himself to the whites, had acquired their language, and owing to a singular mixture of good and bad qualities, blended with great native shrewdness, he had wormed himself into the confidence of several commanders of small garrisons, among whom was our captain. No sooner was the mind of the latter made up concerning his future course, than he sent for Nick, who was then in the fort; when the following conversation took place:

"Nick," commenced the captain, passing his hand over his brow, as was his wont when in a reflecting mood; "Nick, I have an important movement in view, in which you can be of some service to me."

The Tuscarora, fastening his dark basilisk-like eyes on the soldier, gazed a moment, as if to read his soul; then he jerked a thumb backward, over his own shoulder, and said, with a grave smile—

"Nick understand. Want six, two, scalp off Frenchman's head; wife and child; out yonder, over dere, up in Canada. Nick do him — what you give?"

"No, you red rascal, I want nothing of the sort — it is peace now," — this conversation took place in 1764, — "and you know I never bought a scalp in time of war. Let me hear no more of this."

"What you want, *den?*" asked Nick, like one who was a good deal puzzled.

"I want land — *good* land — little, but *good*. I am about to get a grant — a patent —"

"Yes," interrupted Nick, nodding; "I know *him* — paper to take away Indian's hunting-ground."

"Why, I have no wish to do that: I am willing to pay the red men reasonably for their right, first."

"Buy Nick's land, den — better dan any oder."

"Your land, knave! You own no land — belong to no tribe — have no rights to sell."

"What for ask Nick help, den?"

"What for? — Why, because you *know* a good

deal, though you own literally nothing. That 's what for."

"Buy Nick *know*, den. Better dan he great fader *know*, down at York."

"That is just what I do wish to purchase. I will pay you well, Nick, if you will start to-morrow, with your rifle and a pocket-compass, off here towards the head-waters of the Susquehannah and Delaware, where the streams run rapidly, and where there are no fevers, and bring me an account of three or four thousand acres of rich bottom-land, in such a way as a surveyor can find it, and I can get a patent for it. What say you, Nick; will you go?"

"He not wanted. Nick sell 'e captain his own land; here in 'e fort."

"Knave, do you not know me well enough not to trifle when I am serious?"

"Nick ser'ous too—Moravian priest no ser'ouser more dan Nick at dis moment. Got land to sell."

Captain Willoughby had found occasion to punish the Tuscarora in the course of his services; and, as the parties understood each other

perfectly well, the former saw the improbability of the latter's daring to trifle with him."

"Where is this land of yours, Nick?" he inquired, after studying the Indian's countenance for a moment. "Where does it lie? what is it like? how much is there of it? and how came you to own it?"

"Ask him just so ag'in," said Nick, taking up four twigs, to note down the questions *seriatim*.

The captain repeated his inquiries, the Tuscarora laying down a stick at each separate interrogatory.

"Where he be?" answered Nick, taking up a twig as a memorandum. "He out dere —where he want him — where he say. One day's march from Susquehannah."

"Well; proceed."

"What he like? — Like land to be sure. T'ink he like water! Got *some* water — no too much — got some land — got no tree — got some tree. Got good sugar-bush — got place for wheat and corn."

"Proceed."

"How much of him?" continued Nick,

taking up another twig; "much as he want —want little, got him — want more, got him. Want none at all, got none at all — go what he want."

"Go on."

"To be sure. How came to own him?— How a pale face come to own America? *Discover* him — ha! — Well, Nick discover land down yonder, up dere, over here."

"Nick, what the devil do you mean by all this?"

"No mean devil at all — mean land — *good* land. *Discover* him — know where he is — catch beaver dere, three, two year. All Nick say, true as word of honour; much more too."

"Do you mean it is an old beaver-dam destroyed?" asked the captain, pricking up his ears; for he was too familiar with the woods, not to understand the value of such a thing.

"No destroy—stand up yet—good as ever.— Nick dere last season."

"Why, then, do you tell of it? Are not the beaver of more value to you than any price you may receive for the land?"

"Cotch him all, four, two year ago—rest run

away. No find beaver to stay long; when Indian once know, two time, where to set he trap. Beaver cunninger 'an pale face — cunning as bear."

"I begin to comprehend you, Nick. How large do you suppose this pond to be?"

"He 'm not as big as Lake Ontario. S'pose him smaller? what den? Big enough for farm."

"Does it cover one or two hundred acres, think you?—is it as large as the clearing around the fort?"

"Big as two, six, four of him. Take forty skin dere one season. Little lake; all 'e tree gone."

"And the land around it — is it mountainous and rough, or will it be good for corn?"

"All sugar-bush — what you want better? S'pose you want corn; *plant* him. S'pose you want sugar; *make* him."

Captain Willoughby was struck with this description, and he returned to the subject again and again. At length, after extracting all the information he could get from Nick, he struck a bargain with the fellow. A sur-

veyor was engaged, and he started for the place, under the guidance of the Tuscarora. The result showed that Nick had not exaggerated. The pond was found, as he had described it to be, covering at least four hundred acres of low bottom-land; while near three thousand acres of higher river-flat, covered with beech and maple, spread around it for a considerable distance. The adjacent mountains, too, were arable, though bold; and promised, in time, to become a fertile and manageable district. Calculating his distances with judgment, the surveyor laid out his metes and bounds in such a manner as to include the pond, all the low-land, and about three thousand acres of hill, or mountain; making the materials for a very pretty little "patent" of somewhat more than six thousand acres of capital land. He then collected a few chiefs of the nearest tribe, dealt out his rum, tobacco, blankets, wampum, and gunpowder, got twelve Indians to make their marks on a bit of deer-skin, and returned to his employer with a map, a field-book, and a deed, by which the Indian title was "extinguished." The surveyor received his compensa-

tion, and set off on a similar excursion, for a different employer, and in another direction. Nick got his reward, too, and was well satisfied with the transaction. This he afterwards called "sellin' beaver when he all run away."

Furnished with the necessary means, Captain Willoughby now "sued out his patent," as it was termed, in due form. Having some influence, the affair was soon arranged; the grant was made by the governor in council, a massive seal was annexed to a famous sheet of parchment, the signatures were obtained, and "Willoughby's Patent" took its place on the records of the colony, as well as on its maps. We are wrong as respects the latter particular; it did not take *its* place on the maps of the colony, though it took *a* place; the location given for many years afterwards being some forty or fifty miles too far west. In this peculiarity there was nothing novel, the surveys of all new regions being liable to similar trifling mistakes. Thus it was, that an estate, lying within five-and-twenty miles of the city of New York, and in which we happen to have a small interest at this hour, was clipped of its fair proportions, in consequence of losing

some miles that ran over obtrusively into another colony ; and, within a short distance of the spot where we are writing, a "patent" has been squeezed entirely out of existence, between the claims of two older grants.

No such calamity befell "Willoughby's Patent," however. The land was found, with all its "marked or *blazed* trees," its "heaps of stones," "large butternut corners," and "dead oaks." In a word, everything was as it should be ; even to the quality of the soil, the beaver-pond, and the quantity. As respects the last, the colony never gave "struck measure ;" a thousand acres on paper seldom falling short of eleven or twelve hundred in soil. In the present instance, the six thousand two hundred and forty-six acres of "Willoughby's Patent" were subsequently ascertained to contain just seven thousand and ninety-two acres of solid ground

Our limits and plan will not permit us to give more than a sketch of the proceedings of the captain in taking possession ; though we feel certain that a minute account of the progress of such a settlement would possess a sort of Robinson Crusoe-like interest that might repay the

reader. As usual, the adventurers commenced their operations in the spring. Mrs. Willoughby and the children were left with their friends in Albany, while the captain and his party pioneered their way to the patent in the best manner they could. This party consisted of Nick, who went in the capacity of hunter, an office of a good deal of dignity, and of the last importance to a set of adventurers on an expedition of this nature. Then there were eight axemen, a house-carpenter, a mason, and a millwright. These, with Captain Willoughby, and an invalid sergeant, of the name of Joyce, composed the party.

Our adventurers made most of their journey by water. After finding their way to the head of the Canaideraga, mistaking it for the Otsego, they felled trees, hollowed them into canoes, embarked, and, aided by a yoke of oxen that were driven along the shore, they wormed their way through the Oaks, into the Susquehannah, descending that river until they reached the Unadilla, which stream they ascended until they came to the small river, known in the parlance of the country by the erroneous name of a creek,

that ran through the captain's new estate. The labour of this ascent was exceedingly severe; but the whole journey was completed by the end of April, and while the streams were high. Snow still lay in the woods; but the sap had started, and the season was beginning to show its promise.

The first measure adopted by our adventurers was to "hut." In the very centre of the pond, which, it will be remembered, covered four hundred acres, was an island of some five or six acres in extent. It was a rocky knoll, that rose forty feet above the surface of the water, and was still crowned with noble pines, a species of tree that had escaped the ravages of the beaver. In the pond itself a few "stubs" alone remained, the water having killed the trees, which had fallen and decayed. This circumstance showed that the stream had long before been dammed; successions of families of beavers having probably occupied the place, and renewed the works, for centuries, at intervals of generations. The dam in existence, however, was not very old; the animals having fled from their great enemy, man, rather than from any other foe.

To the island Captain Willoughby transferred all his stores, and here he built his hut. This was opposed to the notions of his axe-men, who, rightly enough, fancied the mainland would be more convenient; but the captain and the sergeant, after a council of war, decided that the position on the knoll would be the most military, and might be defended the longest against man or beast. Another station was taken up, however, on the nearest shore, where such of the men were permitted to "hut" as preferred the location.

These preliminaries observed, the captain meditated a bold stroke against the wilderness, by draining the pond, and coming at once into the possession of a noble farm, cleared of trees and stumps, as it might be, by a *coup de main*. This would be compressing the results of ordinary years of toil into those of a single season, and everybody was agreed as to the expediency of the course, provided it were feasible.

The feasibility was soon ascertained. The stream which ran through the valley was far from swift, until it reached a pass where the hills approached each other in low promontories; there the land fell rapidly away to what might

be termed a lower terrace. Across this gorge or defile, a distance of about five hundred feet, the dam had been thrown, a good deal aided by the position of some rocks that here rose to the surface, and through which the little river found its passage. The part which might be termed the key-stone of the dam was only twenty yards wide, and immediately below it the rocks fell away rapidly, quite sixty feet, carrying down the waste water in a sort of fall. Here the millwright announced his determination to commence operations at once, putting in a protest against destroying the works of the beavers. A pond of four hundred acres being too great a luxury for the region, the man was overruled, and the labour commenced.

The first blow was struck against the dam about nine o'clock on the 2nd of May, 1765, and, by evening, the little sylvan-looking lake, which had lain imbedded in the forest, glittering in the morning sun, unruffled by a breath of air, had entirely disappeared! In its place there remained an open expanse of wet mud, thickly covered with pools and the remains of beaver-houses, with a small river winding its

way slowly through the slime. The change to the eye was melancholy indeed, though the prospect was cheering to the agriculturist. No sooner did the water obtain a little passage, than it began to clear the way for itself, gushing out in a torrent through the pass already mentioned.

The following morning, Captain Willoughby almost mourned over the works of his hands. The scene was so very different from that it had presented when the flats were covered with water, that it was impossible not to feel the change. For quite a month it had an influence on the whole party. Nick, in particular, denounced it as unwise and uncalled-for, though he had made his price out of the very circumstance in prospective; and even Sergeant Joyce was compelled to admit that the knoll, an island no longer, had lost quite half its security as a military position. The next month, however, brought other changes. Half the pools had vanished by drainings and evaporation; the mud had begun to crack, and, in some places, to pulverize; while the upper margin of the old pond had become sufficiently firm to permit the oxen to

walk over it without miring. Fences of trees, brush, and even rails, enclosed, on this portion of the flats, quite fifty acres of land; and Indian corn, oats, pumpkins, peas, potatoes, flax, and several other sorts of seed were already in the ground. The spring proved dry, and the sun, of the forty-third degree of latitude, was doing its work, with great power and beneficence. What was of nearly equal importance, the age of the pond had prevented any recent accumulation of vegetable matter, and consequently spared those who laboured around the spot the impurities of atmosphere usually consequent on its decay. Grass-seed, too, had been liberally scattered on favourable places, and things began to assume the appearance of what is termed "living."

August presented a still different picture. A saw-mill was up, and had been at work for some time. Piles of green boards began to make their appearance, and the plane of the carpenter was already in motion. Captain Willoughby was rich, in a small way; in other words, he possessed a few thousand pounds besides his land, and had yet to receive the price

of his commission. A portion of these means were employed judiciously to advance his establishment; and, satisfied that there would be no scarcity of fodder for the ensuing winter, a man had been sent into the settlements for another yoke of cattle and a couple of cows. Farming utensils were manufactured on the spot, and sleds began to take the place of carts, — the latter exceeding the skill of any of the workmen present.

October offered its products as a reward for all this toil. The crop was enormous, and of excellent quality. Of Indian corn the captain gathered several hundred bushels, besides stacks of stalks and tops. His turnips, too, were superabundant in quantity, and of a delicacy and flavour entirely unknown to the precincts of old lands. The potatoes had not done so well; to own the truth, they were a little watery, though there were enough of them to winter every hoof he had, of themselves. Then the peas and the garden produce were both good and plentiful; and a few pigs having been procured, there was the certainty of enjoying a sufficiency of that important article, pork, during the coming winter.

Late in the autumn the captain rejoined his family in Albany, quitting the field for winter quarters. He left Sergeant Joyce in garrison, supported by Nick, a miller, the mason, carpenter, and three of the axe-men. Their duty was to prepare materials for the approaching season, to take care of the stock, to put in winter crops, to make a few bridges, clear out a road or two, haul wood to keep themselves from freezing, to build a log barn and some sheds, and otherwise to advance the interests of the settlement. They were also to commence a house for the patentee.

As his children were at school, Captain Willoughby determined not to take his family immediately to the Hutted Knoll, as the place soon came to be called, from the circumstance of the original bivouac. This name was conferred by Sergeant Joyce, who had a taste in that way; and, as it got to be confirmed by the condescension of the proprietor and his family, we have chosen it to designate our present labours. From time to time a messenger arrived with news from the place; and twice in the course of the winter the same individual went

back with supplies, and encouraging messages to the different persons left in the clearing. As spring approached, however, the captain began to make his preparations for the coming campaign, in which he was to be accompanied by his wife; Mrs. Willoughby, a mild, affectionate, true-hearted New-York woman, having decided not to let her husband pass another summer in that solitude without feeling the cheering influence of her presence.

In March, before the snow began to melt, several sleigh-loads of different necessaries were sent up the valley of the Mohawk, to a point opposite the head of the Otsego, where a thriving village called Fortplain now stands. Thence men were employed in transporting the articles, partly by means of "jumpers" *improvisé*'d for the occasion, and partly on pack-horses, to the lake, which was found this time, instead of its neighbour the Canaideraga. This necessary and laborious service occupied six weeks; the captain having been up as far as the lake once himself, returning to Albany, however, ere the snow was gone.

CHAPTER II.

All things are new: the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest;
And even the nest beneath the eaves—
There are no birds in last year's nest.

LONGFELLOW.

"I HAVE good news for you, Wilhelmina," cried the captain, coming into the parlour where his wife used to sit and knit or sew quite half the day, and speaking with a bright face and in a cheerful voice. "Here is a letter from my excellent old colonel; and Bob's affair is all settled and agreed on. He is to leave school next week, and to put on his Majesty's livery the week after."

Mrs. Willoughby smiled; and yet two or three tears followed each other down her cheeks, even while she smiled. The first was produced by

pleasure at hearing that her son had got an ensigncy in the 60th, or Royal Americans; and the last was a tribute paid to nature—a mother's fears at consigning an only boy to the profession of arms.

"I am rejoiced, Willoughby," she said, "because *you* rejoice, and I know that Robert will be delighted at possessing the King's commission; but he is *very* young to be sent into the dangers of battle and the camp!"

"I was younger when I actually went into battle, for *then* it was war; now, we have a peace that promises to be endless, and Bob will have abundance of time to cultivate a beard before he smells gunpowder. As for myself," he added in a half-regretful manner, for old habits and opinions would occasionally cross his mind, —"as for myself, the cultivation of *turnips* must be my future occupation. Well, the bit of parchment is sold; Bob has got *his* in its place; while the difference in price is in my pocket, and no more need be said. And here come our dear girls, Wilhelmina, to prevent any regrets. The father of two such daughters *ought*, at least, to be happy."

At this instant Beulah and Maud Willoughby—for so the adopted child was called as well as the real—entered the room, having taken the lodgings of their parents in a morning walk, on which they were regularly sent by the mistress of the boarding-school in which they were receiving what was *then* thought to be a first-rate American female education. And much reason had their fond parents to be proud of them! Beulah, the eldest, was just eleven, while her sister was eighteen months younger. The first had a staid, and yet a cheerful look; but her cheeks were blooming, her eyes bright, and her smile sweet. Maud, the adopted one, however, had already the sunny countenance of an angel, with quite as much of the appearance of health as her sister: her face had more *finesse*, her looks more intelligence, her playfulness more feeling, her smile more tenderness, at times,—at others, more meaning. It is scarcely necessary to say, that both had that delicacy of outline which seems almost inseparable from the female form in this country. What was, perhaps, more usual in that day among persons of their class than it is in our own, each spoke her own lan-

guage with an even graceful utterance, and a faultless accuracy of pronunciation, equally removed from effort and provincialisms. As the Dutch was in very common use then at Albany, and most females of Dutch origin had a slight touch of their mother tongue in their enunciation of English, this purity of dialect in the two girls was to be ascribed to the fact that their father was an Englishman by birth; their mother an American of purely English origin, though named after a Dutch god-mother; and the head of the school, in which they had now been three years, was a native of London, and a lady by habits and education.

"Now, Maud," cried the captain, after he had kissed the forehead, eyes, and cheeks of his smiling little favourite,—"now, Maud, I will set you to guess what good news I have for you and Beulah."

"You and mother don't mean to go to that bad Beaver Manor this summer, as some call the ugly pond?" answered the child, quick as lightning.

"That is kind of you, my darling; more kind than prudent: but you are not right."

"Try Beulah, now," interrupted the mother, who, while she too doted on her youngest child, had an increasing respect for the greater solidity and better judgment of her sister: "let us hear Beulah's guess."

"It is something about my brother, I know by mother's eyes," answered the eldest girl, looking inquiringly into Mrs. Willoughby's face.

"Oh! yes," cried Maud, beginning to jump about the room, until she ended her saltations in her father's arms,—"Bob has got his commission!—I know it all well enough now—I would not thank you to tell me—I know it all now.—*Dear* Bob! how he *will* laugh!—and how happy I am!"

"Is it so, mother?" asked Beulah anxiously, and without even a smile.

"Maud is right; Bob is an ensign—or, will be one in a day or two. You do not seem pleased, my child?"

"I wish Robert were not a soldier, mother. Now, he will be always away, and we shall never see him; then, he may be obliged to fight, and who knows how unhappy it may make *him?*"

Beulah thought more of her brother than she did of herself; and, sooth to say, her mother had many of the child's misgivings. With Maud it was altogether different; she saw only the bright side of the picture,—Bob gay and brilliant, his face covered with smiles, his appearance admired, himself, and of course his sisters, happy. Captain Willoughby sympathised altogether with his pet. Accustomed to arms, he rejoiced that a career in which he had partially failed — this he did not conceal from himself or his wife—that this same career had opened, as he trusted, with better auspices on his only son. He covered Maud with kisses, and then rushed from the house, finding his heart too full to run the risk of being unmanned in the presence of females.

A week later, availing themselves of one of the last falls of snow of the season, Captain Willoughby and his wife left Albany for the Knoll. The leave-taking was tender, and to the parents bitter; though, after all, it was known that little more than a hundred miles would separate them from their beloved daughters. Fifty of these miles, however, were abso-

lutely wilderness; and, to achieve them, quite a hundred of tangled forest, or of difficult navigation, were to be passed. The communications would be at considerable intervals, and difficult. Still they might be held; and the anxious mother left many injunctions with Mrs. Waring, the head of the school, in relation to the health of her daughters, and the manner in which she was to be sent for in the event of any serious illness.

Mrs. Willoughby had often overcome, as she fancied, the difficulties of a wilderness in the company of her husband.—It is the fashion highly to extol Napoleon's passage of the Alps, simply in reference to its physical obstacles. There never was a brigade moved twenty-four hours into the American wilds, that had not greater embarrassments of this nature to overcome, unless in those cases in which favourable river navigation has offered its facilities. Still, time and necessity had made a sort of military way to all the more important frontier points occupied by the British garrisons, and the experience of Mrs. Willoughby had not hitherto been of the severe character of that she was now compelled to undergo.

The first fifty miles were passed over in a sleigh in a few hours, and with little or no personal fatigue. This brought the travellers to a Dutch inn on the Mohawk, where the captain had often made his halts, and whither he had, from time to time, sent his advanced parties in the course of the winter and spring. Here a jumper was found prepared to receive Mrs. Willoughby; and, the horse being led by the captain himself, a passage through the forest was effected as far as the head of the Otsego. The distance being about twelve miles, it required two days for its performance. As the settlements extended south from the Mohawk a few miles, the first night was passed in a log cabin on the extreme verge of civilization, if civilization it could be called; and the remaining eight miles were got over in the course of the succeeding day. This was more than would probably have been achieved in the virgin forest and under the circumstances, had not so many of the captain's people passed over the same ground going and returning, thereby learning how to avoid the greatest difficulties of the route, and here and there constructing a rude bridge.

They had also blazed the trees, shortening the road by pointing out its true direction.

At the head of the Otsego our adventurers were fairly in the wilderness. Huts had been built to receive the travellers; and here the whole party assembled, in readiness to make a fresh start in company. It consisted of more than a dozen persons in all; the black domestics of the family being present, as well as several mechanics whom Captain Willoughby had employed to carry on his improvements. The men sent in advance had not been idle, any more than those left at the Hutted Knoll. They had built three or four skiffs, one small bateau, and a couple of canoes. These were all in the water, in waiting for the disappearance of the ice, which was now reduced to a mass of stalactites in form, greenish and sombre in hue as they floated in a body, but clear and bright when separated and exposed to the sun. The south winds began to prevail, and the shore was glittering with the fast-melting piles of the frozen fluid, though it would have been vain yet to have attempted a passage through it.

The Otsego is a sheet of water which we have

taken more than one occasion to describe, and the picture it then presented amidst its frame of mountains will readily be imagined by most of our readers. In 1765, no sign of a settlement was visible on its shores, few of the grants of land in that vicinity extending back so far. Still the spot began to be known; and hunters had been in the habit of frequenting its bosom and its shores for the last twenty years or more. Not a vestige of their presence, however, was to be seen from the huts of the captain; but Mrs. Willoughby assured her husband, as she stood leaning on his arm the morning after her arrival, that never before had she gazed on so eloquent and yet so pleasing a picture of solitude as that which lay spread before her eyes.

"There is something encouraging and soothing in this bland south wind, too," she added, "which seems to promise that we shall meet with a beneficent nature in the spot to which we are going. The south airs of spring to me are always filled with promise."

"And justly, love; for they are the harbingers of a renewed vegetation. If the wind increase, as I think it may, we shall see this

chilling sheet of ice succeeded by the more cheerful view of water. It is in this way that all these lakes open their bosoms in April."

Captain Willoughby did not know it, while speaking, but, at that moment, quite two miles of the lower or southern end of the lake was clear; and, the opening giving a sweep to the breeze, the latter was already driving the sheets of ice before it, towards the head, at a rate of quite a mile in the hour. Just then an Irishman, named Michael O'Hearn, who had recently arrived in America, and whom the captain had hired as a servant of all work, came rushing up to his master, and opened his teeming thoughts with an earnestness of manner, and a confusion of rhetoric, that were equally characteristic of the man and of a portion of his nation.

"Is it journeying south, or to the other end of this bit of wather, or ice, that yer honour is thinking of?" he cried. "Well, and there 'll be room for us all, and to spare; for divil a bir-r-d will be left in that quarter by night, or forenent twelve o'clock either, calculating by the clock, if one had such a thing, as a body might say."

As this was said not only vehemently, but with an accent that defies imitation with the pen, Mrs. Willoughby was quite at a loss to get a clue to the idea; but her husband, more accustomed to men of Mike's class, was sufficiently lucky to comprehend what he was at.

"You mean the pigeons, Mike, I suppose," the captain answered, good-humouredly. "There are certainly a goodly number of them; and I dare say our hunters will bring us in some for dinner. It is a certain sign that the winter is gone, when birds and beasts follow their instincts in this manner. Where are you from, Mike?"

"County Leitrim, yer honour," answered the other, touching his cap.

"Ay, that one may guess," said the captain, smiling; "but where last?"

"From looking at the bir-r-ds, sir! — Och! it 's a sight that will do madam good, and contains a sartainty there 'll be room enough made for us where all these cr'atures came from. I 'm thinking, yer honour, if we don't ate *them*, they 'll be wanting to ate *us*. What a power of them, counting big and little! though they 're all of a size, just as much as if they had flown through a

hole made on purpose to kape them down to a convanient bigness in body and feathers."

"Such a flight of pigeons in Ireland would make a sensation, Mike," observed the captain, willing to amuse his wife by drawing out the County Leitrim man a little.

"It would make a dinner, yer honour, for every mother's son of 'em, counting the gur-r-rls in the bargain! Such a power of bir-r-ds would knock down praties in a wonderful degree, and make even butthermilk chape and plenthiful. Will it be always such abundance with us, down at the Huts, yer honour? or is this sight only a delusion, to fill us with hopes that 's never to be satisfied?"

"Pigeons are seldom wanting in this country, Mike, in the spring and autumn; though we have both birds and beasts, in plenty, that are preferable for food."

"Will it be plenthier than this?—Well, it 's enough to destroy human appetite, the sight of 'em! I 'd give the half-joe I lost among them blackguards in Albany, at their Pauss, as they calls it, jist to let my sisther's childer have their supper out of one of these flocks, such as

they are, betther or no betther. Och! it 's pleasant to think of them childer having their will, for once, on such a power of wild, savage bir-r-ds!"

Captain Willoughby smiled at this proof of *naïveté* in his new domestic, and then led his wife back to the hut; it being time to make some fresh dispositions for the approaching movement. By noon it became apparent to those who were waiting such an event that the lake was opening; and, about the same time, one of the hunters came in from a neighbouring mountain, and reported that he had seen clear water as near their position as three or four miles. By this time it was blowing fresh; and the wind, having a clear rake, drove up the honeycomb-looking sheet before it, as the scraper accumulates snow. When the sun set, the whole north shore was white with piles of glittering icicles; while the bosom of the Otsego, no longer disturbed by the wind, resembled a placid mirror.

Early on the following morning the whole party embarked. There was, no wind, and men were placed at the paddles and the oars. Care was taken, on quitting the huts, to close

their doors and shutters; for they were to be taverns to cover the heads of many a traveller in the frequent journeys that were likely to be made between the Knoll and the settlements. These stations, then, were of the last importance; and a frontier-man always had the same regard for them that the mountaineer of the Alps has for his "refuge."

The passage down the Otsego was the easiest and most agreeable portion of the whole journey. The day was pleasant, and the oarsmen vigorous, if not very skilful; rendering the movement rapid, and sufficiently direct. But one drawback occurred to the prosperity of the voyage. Among the labourers hired by the captain was a Connecticut man, of the name of Joel Strides, between whom and the County Leitrim man there had early commenced a warfare of tricks and petty annoyances; a warfare which was perfectly defensive on the part of O'Hearn, who did little more, in the way of retort, than comment on the long, lank, shapeless figure and meagre countenance of his enemy. Joel had not been seen to smile since he engaged with the captain; though

three times had he laughed outright, and each time at the occurrence of some mishap to Michael O'Hearn, the fruit of one of his own schemes of annoyance.

On the present occasion, Joel, who had the distribution of such duty, placed Mike in a skiff by himself, flattering the poor fellow with the credit he would achieve by rowing a boat to the foot of the lake without assistance. He might as well have asked Mike to walk to the outlet on the surface of the water! This arrangement proceeded from an innate love of mischief in Joel, who had much of the quiet waggery, blended with many of the bad qualities, of the men of his peculiar class. A narrow and conceited selfishness lay at the root of the larger portion of this man's faults. As a physical being, he was a perfect labour-saving machine himself; bringing all the resources of a naturally quick and acute mind to bear on this one end,—never doing anything that required a particle more than the exertion and strength which were absolutely necessary to effect his object. He rowed the skiff in which the captain and his wife had em-

barked, with his own hands; and, previously to starting, he had selected the best sculls from the other boats, had fitted his thwart with the closest attention to his own ease, and had placed a stretcher for his feet, with an intelligence and knowledge of mechanics that would have done credit to a Whitehall waterman. This much proceeded from the predominating principle of his nature, which was, always to have an eye on the interests of Joel Strides; though the effect happened, in this instance, to be beneficial to those he served.

Michael O'Hearn, on the contrary, thought only of the end; and this so intensely, not to say vehemently, as generally to overlook the means. Frank, generous, self-devoted, and withal accustomed to get most things wrong-end foremost, he usually threw away twice the same labour, in effecting a given purpose, that was expended by the Yankee; doing the thing worse, too, besides losing twice the time. He never paused to think of this, however. The *masther's* boat was to be rowed to the other end of the lake; and, though he

had never rowed a boat an inch in his life, he was ready and willing to undertake the job. "If a certain quantity of work will not do it," thought Mike, "I 'll try as much ag'in; and the divil is in it, if *that* won't sarve the purpose of that little bit of a job."

Under such circumstances the party started. Most of the skiffs and canoes went off half an hour before Mrs. Willoughby was ready, and Joel managed to keep Mike for the last, under the pretence of wishing his aid in loading his own boat with the bed and bedding from the hut. All was ready, at length; and, taking his seat with a sort of quiet deliberation, Joel said in his drawling way, "You 'll follow *us*, Mike, and you can't be a thousand miles out of the way." Then he pulled from the shore with a quiet, steady stroke of the sculls, that sent the skiff ahead with great rapidity, though with much ease to himself.

Michael O'Hearn stood looking at the retiring skiff in silent admiration for two or three minutes. He was quite alone; for all the other boats were already two or three miles on their way, and distance already prevented him from

seeing the mischief that was lurking in Joel's hypocritical eyes.

"Follow *yees!*" soliloquized Mike; "the divil burn ye, for a guessing Yankee as ye ar'! how am I to follow with such legs as the likes of these? If it wasn't for the masther and the missus, ra'al jontlemen and ladies they be, I 'd turn my back on ye in the desert, and let ye find that Beaver estate in yer own disagreeable company. Ha!—well, I must thry; and, if the boat won't go, it 'll be no fault of the man that has a good disposition to make it."

Mike now took his seat on a board that lay across the gunwale of the skiff at a most inconvenient height, placed two sculls in the water, one of which was six inches longer than the other, made a desperate effort, and got his craft fairly afloat. Now, Michael O'Hearn was not left-handed, and, as usually happens with such men, the inequality between the two limbs was quite marked. By a sinister accident, too, it happened that the longest oar got into the strongest hand, and there it would have stayed to the end of time before Mike would think of changing it on that account. Joel, alone, sat with his face towards

the head of the lake, and he alone could see the dilemma in which the County Leitrim man was placed. Neither the captain nor his wife thought of looking behind, and the Yankee had all the fun to himself. As for Mike, he succeeded in getting a few rods from the land, when, the strong arm and the longer lever asserting their superiority, the skiff began to incline to the westward. So intense, however, was the poor fellow's zeal, that he did not discover the change in his course until he had so far turned as to give him a glimpse of his retiring master; then he inferred that all was right, and pulled more leisurely. The result was, that in about ten minutes Mike was stopped by the land, the boat touching the north shore again, two or three rods from the very point whence it had started. The honest fellow got up, looked around him, scratched his head, gazed wistfully after the fast receding boat of his master, and broke out in another soliloquy.

"Bad luck to them that made ye, ye one-sided thing!" he said, shaking his head reproachfully at the skiff: "there's liberty for ye to do as ye ought, and ye'll not be doing it, just out of contrairiness. Why the divil can't ye do

like the other skiffs, and go where ye 're wanted, on the road towards thim beavers? Och, ye 'll be sorry for this, when ye 're left behind, out of sight!"

Then it flashed on Mike's mind that possibly some article had been left in the hut, and the skiff had come back to look after it; so, up he ran to the captain's deserted lodge, entered it, was lost to view for a minute, then came in sight again, scratching his head, and renewing his muttering—

"No," he said, "divil a thing can I see, and it must be pure con*trair*iness! 'Perhaps the baste will behave betther next time; so, I 'll thry it ag'in, and give it an occasion. Barring obstinacy, 'tis as good-lookin' a skiff as the best of them."

Mike was as good as his word, and gave the skiff as fair an opportunity of behaving itself as was ever offered to a boat. Seven times did he quit the shore, and as often return to it, gradually working his way towards the western shore, and slightly down the lake. In this manner Mike at length got himself so far on the side of the lake as to present a barrier of land to

the evil disposition of his skiff to incline to the westward. It could go no longer in that direction, at least.

"Divil burn ye!" the honest fellow cried, the perspiration rolling down his face; "I think ye'll be satisfied without walking out into the forest, where I wish ye war' with all my heart, amang the threes that made ye! Now, I'll see if yer con*trair*y enough to run up a hill."

Mike next essayed to pull along the shore, in the hope that the sight of the land, and of the overhanging pines and hemlocks, would cure the boat's propensity to turn in that direction. It is not necessary to say that his expectations were disappointed, and he finally was reduced to getting out into the water, cool as was the weather, and of wading along the shore, dragging the boat after him. All this Joel saw before he passed out of sight, but no movement of his muscles let the captain into the secret of the poor Irishman's strait.

In the mean while, the rest of the flotilla, or *brigade* of boats, as the captain termed them, went prosperously on their way, going from one end of the lake to the other in the course of

three hours. As one of the party had been over the route several times already, there was no hesitation on the subject of the point to which the boats were to proceed. They all touched the shore near the stone that is now called the "Otsego Rock," beneath a steep wooded bank, and quite near to the place where the Susquehannah glanced out of the lake, in a swift current, beneath a high-arched tracery of branches which were not yet clothed with leaves.

Here the question was put as to what had become of Mike. His skiff was nowhere visible, and the captain felt the necessity of having him looked for before he proceeded any further. After a short consultation, a boat, manned by two negroes, father and son, named Pliny the elder and Pliny the younger, or, in common parlance, "Old Plin" and "Young Plin," was sent back along the west shore to hunt him up. Of course, a hut was immediately prepared for the reception of Mrs. Willoughby, upon the plain that stretches across the valley at this point. This was on the site of the present village of Cooperstown, but just twenty years anterior to the commencement

of the pretty little shire-town that now exists on the spot.

It was night ere the two Plinies appeared, towing Mike, as their great namesakes of antiquity might have brought in a Carthaginian galley, in triumph. The County Leitrim man had made his way with excessive toil about a league ere he was met, and glad enough was he to see his succour approach. In that day the strong antipathy which now exists between the black and the emigrant Irishman was unknown, the competition for household service commencing more than half a century later. Still, as the negro loved fun constitutionally, and Pliny the younger was somewhat of a wag, Mike did not entirely escape scot-free.

"Why you drag 'im like ox, Irish Mike?" cried the younger negro; "why you no row 'im, like other folk?"

"Ah! you 're as bad as the rest of 'em," growled Mike. "They tould me Ameriky was a mighty warm country, and war-r-m I find it, sure enough; though the wather isn't as warm as good whiskey. Come, ye black divils, and see if

ye can coax this con*trairy* cr'athure to do as a person wants."

The negroes soon had Mike in tow, and then they went down the lake merrily, laughing and cracking their jokes at the Irishman's expense, after the fashion of their race. It was fortunate for the Leitrim man that he was accustomed to ditching; though it may be questioned if the pores of his body closed again that day, so very effectually had they been opened. When he rejoined his master, not a syllable was said of the mishap; Joel having the prudence to keep his own secret, and even joining Mike in denouncing the bad qualities of the boat. We will only add here, that a little calculation entered into this trick; Joel perceiving that Mike was a favourite, and wishing to bring him into discredit.

Early the next morning the captain sent the negroes and Mike down the Susquehannah a mile, to clear away some flood-wood, of which one of the hunters had brought in a report the preceding day. Two hours later the boats left the shore, and began to float downward with the current, following the direction of a stream which has obtained its name from its sinuosities.

In a few minutes the boats reached the flood-wood, where, to Joel's great amusement, Mike and the negroes—the latter having little more calculation than the former—had commenced their operations on the upper side of the raft, piling the logs on one another, with a view to make a passage through the centre. Of course there was a halt, the females landing. Captain Willoughby now cast an eye round him in hesitation, when a knowing look from Joel caught his attention.

"This does not seem to be right," he said; "cannot we better it a little?"

"It 's right wrong, captain," answered Joel, laughing like one who enjoyed other people's ignorance. "A sensible crittur' would begin the work on such a job at the lower side of the raft."

"Take the direction, and order things to suit yourself."

This was just what Joel liked,—*head*-work before all other work for him; and he set about the duty authoritatively and with promptitude. After rating the negroes roundly for their stupidity, and laying it on Mike without much delicacy of thought or diction—over the shoulders of the two blacks, he mustered his forces,

and began to clear the channel with intelligence and readiness.

Going to the lower side of the jammed flood-wood, he soon succeeded in loosening one or two trees, which floated away, making room for others to follow. By these means a passage was effected in half an hour; Joel having the prudence to set no more timber in motion than was necessary to his purpose, lest it might choke the stream below. In this manner the party got through; and, the river being high at that season, by night the travellers were half-way to the mouth of the Unadilla. The next evening they encamped at the junction of the two streams, making their preparations to ascend the latter the following morning.

The toil of the ascent, however, did not commence until the boats entered what was called the creek, or the small tributary of the Unadilla, on which the beavers had erected their works, and which ran through the "Manor." Here, indeed, the progress was slow and laborious; the rapidity of the current and the shallowness of the water rendering every foot gained a work

of exertion and pain. Perseverance and skill, notwithstanding, prevailed; all the boats reaching the foot of the rapids, or straggling falls, on which the captain had built his mills, about an hour before the sun disappeared. Here, of course, the boats were left; a rude road having been cut, by means of which the freights were transported on a sledge the remainder of the distance. Throughout the whole of this trying day Joel had not only worked head-work, but he had actually exerted himself with his body. As for Mike, never before had he made such desperate efforts. He felt all the disgrace of his adventure on the lake, and was disposed to wipe it out by his exploits on the rivers. Thus Mike was ever loyal to his employer. He had sold his flesh and blood for money, and a man of his conscience was inclined to give a fair penny's-worth. The tractable manner in which the boat had floated down the river, it is true, caused him some surprise, as was shown in his remark to the younger Pliny on landing.

"This is a curious boat, afther all," said Pat.

"One time it 's all con*trairi*ness, and then ag'in it 's as obliging as one's own mother. It *followed* the day all 's one like a puppy-dog, while yon on the big wather there was no more *dhriving* it than a hog. Och ! it 's a faimale boat, by its whims ! "

CHAPTER III.

He sleeps, forgetful of his once bright flame;
He has no feeling of the glory gone;
He has no eye to catch the mounting flame
That once in transport drew him on;
He lies in dull oblivious dreams, nor cares
Who the wreathed laurel bears.

PERCIVAL.

THE appearance of a place in which the remainder of one's life is to be passed is always noted with interest on a first visit. Thus it was that Mrs. Willoughby had been observant and silent from the moment the captain informed her that they had passed the line of his estate, and were approaching the spot where they were to dwell. The stream was so small, and the girding of the forest so close, that there was little range for the sight: but the anxious wife and mother could perceive that the hills drew together at this point, the valley narrowing essentially; that

rocks began to appear in the bed of the river; and that the growth of the timber indicated fertility and a generous soil.

When the boat stopped, the little stream came brawling down a ragged declivity; and a mill, one so arranged as to grind and saw,—both in a very small way, however,—gave the first signs of civilization she had beheld since quitting the last hut near the Mohawk. After issuing a few orders, the captain drew his wife's arm through his own, and hurried up the ascent, with an eagerness that was almost boyish, to show her what had been done towards the improvement of the "Knoll." There is a pleasure in diving into a virgin forest, and commencing the labours of civilization, that has no exact parallel in any other human occupation. That of building, or of laying out grounds, has certainly some resemblance to it, but it is a resemblance so faint and distant as scarcely to liken the enjoyment each produces. The former approaches nearer to the feeling of creating, and is far more pregnant with anticipations and hopes; though its first effects are seldom agreeable, and are sometimes nearly hideous. Our captain, however, had escaped most of these last consequences,

by possessing the advantage of having a clearing, without going through the usual processes of chopping and burning; the first of which leaves the earth dotted for many years with unsightly stumps, while the rains and snows do not wash out the hues of the last for several seasons.

An exclamation betrayed the pleasure with which Mrs. Willoughby got her first glimpse of the drained pond. It was when she had clambered to the point of the rocks where the stream began to tumble downward into the valley below. A year had done a vast deal for the place. The few stumps and stubs which had disfigured the basin when it was first laid bare, had all been drawn by oxen, and burned. This left the entire surface of the four hundred acres smooth and fit for the plough. The soil was the deposit of centuries; and the inclination, from the woods to the stream, was scarcely perceptible to the eye. In fact, it was barely sufficient to drain the drippings of the winter's snows. The form of the area was a little irregular, just enough so to be picturesque; while the inequalities were surprisingly few and trifling. In a word, nature had formed just such a spot as delights the husband-

man's heart, and placed it beneath a sun which, while its fierceness is relieved by winters of frost and snow, had a power to bring out all its latent resources.

Trees had been felled around the whole area, with the open spaces filled by branches, in a way to form what is termed a brush fence. This is not a sightly object, and the captain had ordered the line to be drawn *within* the woods; so that the visible boundaries of the open land were the virgin forest itself. His men had protested against this; a fence, however unseemly, being in their view an indispensable accessory to civilization. But the captain's authority, if not his better taste, prevailed; and the boundary of felled trees and brush was completely concealed in the back-ground of woods. As yet, there was no necessity for cross-fences, the whole open space lying in a single field. One hundred acres were in winter wheat. As this grain had been got in the previous autumn, it was now standing on the finest and driest of the soil, giving an air of rich fertility to the whole basin. Grass-seed had been sown along both banks of the stream, and its waters were quietly flowing between two

wide belts of fresh verdure, the young plants having already started in that sheltered receptacle of the sun's rays. Other portions of the flat showed signs of improvement, the plough having actually been at work for quite a fortnight.

All this was far more than even the captain had expected, and much more than his wife had dared to hope. Mrs. Willoughby had been accustomed to witness the slow progress of a new settlement; but never before had she seen what might be done on a beaver-dam. To her all appeared like magic; and her first question would have been to ask her husband to explain what had been done with the trees and stumps, had not her future residence caught her eye. Captain Willoughby had left his orders concerning the house, previously to quitting the Knoll; and he was now well pleased to perceive that they had been attended to. As this spot will prove the scene of many of the incidents we are bound to relate, it may be proper here to describe it at some length.

The hillock that rose out of the pond, in the form of a rocky little island, was one of those capricious formations that are often met with on

the surface of the earth. It stood about thirty rods from the northern side of the area, very nearly central as to its eastern and western boundaries, and presented a slope inclining towards the south. Its greatest height was at its northern end, where it rose out of the rich alluvion of the soil, literally a rock of some forty feet in perpendicular height, having a summit of about an acre of level land, and falling off on its three sides,—to the east and west, precipitously; to the south, quite gently and with regularity. It was this accidental formation which had induced the captain to select the spot as the site of his residence; for, dwelling so far from any post, and in a place so difficult of access, something like military defences were merely precautions of ordinary prudence. While the pond remained, the islet was susceptible of being made very strong against any of the usual assaults of Indian warfare; and, now that the basin was drained, it had great advantages for the same purpose. The perpendicular rock to the north even overhung the plain; it was almost inaccessible: while the formation on the other sides offered singular facilities both for a dwelling and for security. All this the captain,

who was so familiar with the finesse of Indian stratagem, had resolved to improve in the following manner:

In the first place, he directed the men to build a massive wall of stone, a hundred and fifty feet in length, and six feet in height. This stretched in front of the perpendicular rock, with receding walls to its verge. The latter were about two hundred feet in length, each. This was enclosing an area of two hundred, by one hundred and fifty feet, within a blind wall of masonry. Through this wall there was only a single passage,—a gate-way, in the centre of its southern face. The materials had all been found on the hill itself, which was well covered with heavy stones. Within this wall, which was substantially laid by a Scotch mason, one accustomed to the craft, the men had erected a building of massive, squared, pine timber, well secured by cross partitions. This building followed the wall in its whole extent; was just fifteen feet in elevation, without the roof; and was composed, in part, by the wall itself,—the latter forming nearly one-half its height, on the exterior. The breadth of this edifice was only twenty feet, clear of the

stones and wood-work; leaving a court within of about one hundred, by one hundred and seventy-five feet in extent. The roof extended over the gateway even; so that the space within was completely covered, the gates being closed. This much had been done during the preceding fall and winter; the edifice presenting an appearance of rude completeness on the exterior. Still it had a sombre and gaol-like air, there being nothing resembling a window visible,—no aperture, indeed, on either of its outer faces, but the open gate-way; of which the massive leaves were finished, and placed against the adjacent walls, but were not yet hung. It is scarcely necessary to say, this house resembled barracks more than an ordinary dwelling. Mrs. Willoughby stood gazing at it, half in doubt whether to admire or to condemn, when a voice, within a few yards, suddenly drew her attention in another direction.

"How you like him?" asked Nick, who was seated on a stone at the margin of the stream, washing his feet after a long day's hunt. "No t'ink him better dan beaver skin? Cap'in know all 'bout him; now he give Nick some more last quit-rent?"

"*Last*, indeed, it will be then, Nick; for I have already paid you *twice* for your rights."

"Discovery wort' great deal, cap'in—see what great man he make pale-face."

"Ay, but *your* discovery, Nick, is not of that sort."

"What sort, den?" demanded Nick, with the rapidity of lightning. "Give him back 'e beaver if you no like he discovery. Grad to see 'em back ag'in; skin higher price dan ever."

"Nick, you 're a cormorant, if there ever was one in this world! Here—there is a dollar for you; the quit-rent is paid for this year, at least. It ought to be for the last time."

"Let him go for all summer, cap'in. Yes, Nick wonderful commerant! no such eye he got among Oneida!"

Here the Tuscarora left the side of the stream, and came up on the rock, shaking hands good-humouredly with Mrs. Willoughby, who rather liked the knave, though she knew him to possess most of the vices of his class.

"He very han'som beaver-dam," said Nick, sweeping his hand gracefully over the view; "bye 'nd bye, he 'll bring potatoe, and corn, and

cider—all 'e squaw want. Cap'in got good fort, too. Old soldier love fort; like to live in him."

"The day may come, Nick, when that fort may serve us all a good turn, out here in the wilderness," Mrs. Willoughby observed in a somewhat melancholy tone; for her tender thoughts naturally turned towards her youthful and innocent daughters.

The Indian gazed at the house with that fierce intentness which sometimes glared, in a manner that had got to be, in its ordinary aspects, dull and besotted. There was a startling intelligence in his eye at such moments, the feelings of youth and earlier habit once more asserting their power. Twenty years before, Nick had been foremost on the war-path; and, what was scarcely less honourable, among the wisest around the council-fire. He was born a chief, and had made himself an outcast from his tribe, more by the excess of ungovernable passions, than from any act of base meanness.

"Cap'in tell Nick, now, what he mean by building such house, out here, among ole beaver bones?" he said, sidling up nearer to his employer, and gazing with some curiosity into his face.

"What do I mean, Nick?—Why, I mean to have a place of safety to put the heads of my wife and children in, at need. The road to Canada is not so long, but a red-skin can make one pair of moccasins go over it. Then, the Oneidas and Mohawks are not all children of heaven."

"No pale-face rogue go about, I s'pose?" said Nick sarcastically.

"Yes, there are men of that class who are none the worse for being locked out of one's house at times.—But, what do *you* think of the hut? You know I call the place the 'Hut,' the Hutted Knoll."

"He hole plenty of beaver, if you cotch him! —But no water left, and he all go away. Why you make him stone, first; den you make him wood, a'ter; eh? Plenty rock; plenty tree."

"Why, the stone wall can neither be cut away, nor set fire to, Nick; that's the reason. I took as much stone as was necessary, and then used wood, which is more easily worked, and which is also drier."

"Good! Nick t'ought just dat. How you get him water if Injin come?"

"There 's the stream, that winds round the foot of the hill, Nick, as you see; and then there is a delicious spring within one hundred yards of the very gate."

"Which side of him?" asked Nick, with his startling rapidity.

"Why, here, to the left of the gate, and a little to the right of the large stone—"

"No, no," interrupted the Indian, "no left —no right: which side—*inside* gate; *outside* gate?"

"Oh! the spring is outside the gate, certainly; but means might be found to make a covered way to it: and then the stream winds round directly underneath the rocks, behind the house, and water could be raised from *that*, by means of a rope. Our rifles would count for something, too, in drawing water, as well as in drawing blood."

"Good!—Rifle got long arm. He talk so, Injin mind him. When you t'ink red-skin come ag'in your fort, cap'in, now you got him done?"

"A long time first, I hope, Nick. We are at peace with France again, and I see no prospect of any new quarrel very soon. So long as

the French and English are at peace, the red men will not dare to touch either."

"Dat true as missionary! What a soldier do, cap'in, if so much peace? Warrior love a war-path."

"I wish it were not so, Nick. But *my* hatchet is buried, I hope, for ever."

"Nick hope cap'in know where to find him, if he want to? Very bad to put any-t'ing where he forget; partic'larly tomahawk. Sometime quarrel come, like rain, when you don't tink."

"Yes, that also cannot be denied. Yet I fear the next quarrel will be among ourselves, Nick. —The government at home, and the people of the colonies, are getting to have bad blood between them."

"Dat very queer! Why pale-face moder and pale-face darter no love one anoder, like red-skin?"

"Really, Nick, you are somewhat interrogating this evening; but my squaw must be a little desirous of seeing the inside of her house, as well as its outside, and I must refer you to that honest fellow, yonder, for an answer. His name

is Mike; I hope he and you will always be good friends."

So saying, the captain nodded in a friendly manner, and led Mrs. Willoughby towards the hut, taking a foot-path which was already trodden firm, and which followed the sinuosities of the stream, to which it served as a sort of dyke. Nick took the captain at his word, and, turning about, he met the County Leitrim man with an air of great blandness; thrusting out a hand, in the pale-face fashion, as a sign of amity, and saying at the same time—

"How do, Mike?—Sago—Sago—grad you come—good fellow to drink Santa Cruz wid Nick."

"How do, Mike!" exclaimed the other, looking at the Tuscarora with astonishment, for this was positively the first red man the Irishman had ever seen. "How do, Mike! Ould Nick be ye? — well — ye look pretty much as I expected to see you. Pray, how did ye come to know *my* name?"

"Nick know him — know every t'ing. Grad to see you, Mike — hope we live together like good friend, down yonder, up here, over dere."

"Ye do, do ye! Divil burn me, now, if I

want any sich company. Ould Nick's yer name, is it?"

"Old Nick—young Nick—saucy Nick; all one, all t'other. Make no odd what you call, I come."

"Och, ye 'r a handy one! Divil trust ye but ye 'll come when you arn't wanted, or ye 'r not of yer father's own family. D 'ye live hereabouts, masther Ould Nick?"

"Live here—out yonder—in he hut, in he wood—where he want—make no difference to Nick."

Michael now drew back a pace or two, keeping his eyes fastened on the other intently, for he actually expected to see some prodigious and sudden change in his appearance. When he thought he had got a good position for manly defence or rapid retreat, as either might become necessary, the County Leitrim man put on a bolder front and resumed the discourse.

"If it 's so indifferent to ye where ye dwell," asked Mike, "why can't you keep at home, and let a body carry these cloaks and bundles of the missuses' out yonder to the house, wither she 's gone?"

"Nick help carry 'em. Carry t'ing for dat squaw hundred time."

"That what! D' ye mane Madam Willoughby by yer blackguard name?"

"Yes; cap'in wife—cap'in squaw, mean him. Carry bundle, basket, hundred time for him."

"The Lord preserve me, now, from sich atrocity and impudence!" laying down the cloaks and bundles, and facing the Indian with an appearance of great indignation.—"Did a body ever hear sich a liar! Why, Misther Ould Nick, Madam Willoughby would n't let the likes of ye touch the ind of her garments. You wouldn't get the liberty to walk in the same path with her, much less to carry her bundles. I 'll answer for it, ye 're a great liar, now, Ould Nick, in the bottom of your heart."

"Nick great liar," answered the Indian good-naturedly; for he so well knew this was his common reputation, that he saw no use in denying it. "What of dat? Lie good sometime!"

"That 's another! Oh, ye animal! I 've a great mind to set upon ye at once, and see what an honest man can do wid ye in fair fight! If I only knew what ye 'd got about yer toes, now,

under them fine-looking things ye wear for shoes, once, I 'd taich ye to talk of the missus in this style."

"Speak as well as he know how. Nick never been to school. Call 'e squaw, *good* squaw. What want more?"

"Get out! If ye come a foot nearer, I 'll be at ye, like a dog upon a bull, though ye gore me. What brought ye into this paiceful sittlement, where nothing but virtue and honesty have taken up their abode?"

What more Mike might have said is not known, as Nick caught a sign from the captain, and went loping across the flat, at his customary gait, leaving the Irishman standing on the defensive, and, to own the truth, not sorry to be rid of him. Unfortunately for the immediate enlightenment of Mike's mind, Joel overheard the dialogue, and, comprehending its meaning, with his native readiness, he joined his companion in a mood but little disposed to clear up the error."

"Did you see that *crathure?*" asked Mike with emphasis.

"Sartain—he is often seen here at the Hut. He may be said to live here half his time."

"A pritty hut, then, ye must have of it! Why do ye tolerate the vagabond? He 's not fit for Christian society."

"Oh! he 's good company sometimes, Mike. When you know him better, you 'll like him better. Come, up with the bundles, and let us follow. The captain is looking after us, as you see."

"Well may he look, to see us in sich company!—Will he h-a-r-m the missus?"

"Not he. I tell you, you 'll like him yourself when you come to know him."

"If I do, burn me! Why, he says *himself* that he 's Ould Nick, and I 'm sure I never fancied the crathure but it was in just some such for-r-m. Och! he 's ill-looking enough for twenty Ould Nicks."

Lest the reader get an exaggerated notion of Michael's credulity, it may be well to say that Nick had painted a few days before, in a fit of caprice, and that one-half of his face was black, and the other a deep red, while each of his eyes was surrounded with a circle of white; all of which had got to be a little confused in con-

sequence of a night or two of orgies, succeeded by mornings in which the toilet had been altogether neglected. His dress, too, a blanket with tawdry red and yellow trimmings, with ornamented leggings and moccasins to correspond, had all aided in maintaining the accidental mystification. Mike followed his companion, growling out his discontent, and watching the form of the Indian, as the latter still went loping over the flat, having passed the captain, with a message to the barns.

"I 'll warrant ye, now, the captain wouldn't tolerate such a crathure; but he 's sent him off to the woods, as ye may see, like a divil, as he is! To think of such a thing's spakeing to the missus! Will I fight him?—That will I, rather than he 'll say an uncivil word to the likes of her! He 's claws, they tell me, though he kapes them so well covered in his fine brogues. Divil burn me, but I 'd grapple him by the toes."

Joel now saw how deep was Michael's delusion, and, knowing it *must* soon be over, he determined to make a merit of necessity, by

letting his friend into the truth, thereby creating a confidence that would open the way to a hundred future mischievous scenes.

"Claws!" he repeated, with an air of surprise. "And why do you think an Injin has claws, Mike?"

"An Injin! D'ye call that miscoloured crathure an Injin, Joel? Isn't it one of yer Yankee divils?"

"Out upon you, for an Irish ninny. Do you think the captain would *board* a devil! The fellow's a Tuscarora, and is as well known here as the owner of the Hut himself. It's Saucy Nick."

"Yes, saucy Ould Nick—I had it from his very mout', and even the divil would hardly be such a blackguard as to lie about his own name. Och! he's a roarer, sure enough; and then for the tusks you mintion, I didn't see 'em with my eyes; but the crathure has a mouth that might hould a basket-full."

Joel now perceived that he must go more seriously to work to undeceive his companion. Mike honestly believed he had met an American devil, and it required no little argumentation to

persuade him of the contrary. We shall leave Joel employed in this difficult task, in which he finally succeeded, and follow the captain and his wife to the hut.

The lord and lady of the manor examined everything around their future residence with curious eyes. Jamie Allen, the Scotch mason mentioned, was standing in front of the house, to hear what might be said of his wall; while two or three other mechanics betrayed some such agitation as the tyro in literature manifests ere he learns what the critics have said of his first work. The exterior gave great satisfaction to the captain. The wall was not only solid and secure, but it was really handsome. This was in some measure owing to the quality of the stones, but quite as much to Jamie's dexterity in using them. The wall and chimneys, of the latter of which there were no less than six, were all laid in lime too, it having been found necessary to burn some of the material to plaster the interior. Then the gates were massive, being framed in oak, filled in with four-inch plank, and might have resisted a very formidable assault. Their strong iron hinges were all in their places;

but the heavy job of hanging had been deferred to a leisure moment, when all the strength of the manor might be collected for that purpose. There they stood, inclining against the wall, one on each side of the gateway, like indolent sentinels on post, who felt too secure from attack to raise their eyes.

The different mechanics crowded round the captain, each eager to show his own portion of what had been done. The winter had not been wasted; but proper materials being in abundance, and on the spot, Captain Willoughby had every reason to be satisfied with what he got for his money. Completely shut out from the rest of the world, the men had worked cheerfully and with little interruption; for their labours composed their recreation. Mrs. Willoughby found the part of the building her family was to occupy, with the usual offices, done and furnished. This comprised all the front on the eastern side of the gateway, and most of the wing, in the same half, extending back to the cliff. It is true, the finish was plain; but everything was comfortable. The ceilings were only ten feet high, certainly, but it was thought prodigious in the

colony in that day; and then the plastering of Jamie was by no means as unexceptionable as his stone-work: still every room had its two coats, and whitewash gave them a clean and healthful aspect. The end of the wing that came next the cliff was a laundry; and a pump was fitted, by means of which water was raised from the rivulet. Next came the kitchen, a spacious and comfortable room of thirty by twenty feet; an upper servant's apartment succeeded; after which were the bed-rooms of the family, a large parlour, and a library, or office, for the captain. As the entire range, on this particular side of the house, extended near or quite two hundred and fifty feet, there was no want of space or accommodation.

The opposite or western half of the edifice was devoted to more homely uses. It contained an eating-room and divers sleeping-rooms for the domestics and labourers, besides store-rooms, garners, and *omnium gatherums* of all sorts. The vast ranges of garrets, too, answered for various purposes of household and farming economy. All the windows, and sundry doors, opened into the court; while the whole of the exterior wall,

both wooden and stone, presented a perfect blank in the way of outlets. It was the captain's intention, however, to cut divers loops through the logs at some convenient moment, so that men stationed in the garrets might command the different faces of the structure with their musketry. But, like the gates, these means of defence were laid aside for a more favourable opportunity.

Our excellent matron was delighted with her domestic arrangements, — they much surpassed any of the various barracks in which she had dwelt; and a smile of happiness beamed on her handsome face, as she followed her husband from room to room, listening to his explanations. When they entered their private apartments,— and these were furnished and ready to receive them,— respect caused the rest to leave them by themselves, and once more they found that they were alone.

"Well, Wilhelmina," asked the gratified husband — gratified because he saw pleasure beaming in the mild countenance and serene blue eyes of one of the best wives living— "Well, Wilhelmina," he asked, "can you

give up Albany, and all the comforts of your friends' dwellings, to be satisfied in a home like this? It is not probable I shall ever build again, whatever Bob may do, when he comes after me. This structure, then,—part house, part barrack, part fort, as it is,—must be our residence for the remainder of our days. We are *hutted* for life."

"It is all-sufficient, Willoughby. It has space, comfort, warmth, coolness, and security. What more can a wife and a mother ask, when she is surrounded by those she most loves? Only attend to the security, Hugh. Remember how far we are removed from any succour, and how sudden and fierce the Indians are in their attacks. Twice have we ourselves been near being destroyed by surprises, from which accident, or God's providence, protected us, rather than our own vigilance. If this could happen in garrisons, and with King's troops around us, how much more easily might it happen here, with only common labourers to watch what is going on!"

"You exaggerate the danger, wife. There are no Indians in this part of the country who

would dare to molest a settlement like ours. We count thirteen able-bodied men in all, besides seven women; and could use seventeen or eighteen muskets and rifles on an emergency. No *tribe* would dare commence hostilities in a time of general peace, and so near the settlements too; and, as to stragglers, who might indeed murder to rob, we are so strong ourselves, that we may sleep in peace, so far as they are concerned."

"One never knows that, dearest Hugh. A marauding party of half-a-dozen might prove too much for many times their own number when unprepared. I *do* hope you will have the gates hung, at least; should the girls come here in the autumn, I could not sleep without hanging the gates."

"Fear nothing, love," said the captain, kissing his wife with manly tenderness. "As for Beulah and Maud, let them come when they please; we shall always have a welcome for them, and no place can be safer than under their father's eyes."

"I care not so much for myself, Hugh;

but *do* not let the gates be forgotten until the girls come."

"Everything shall be done as you desire, wife of mine, though it will be a hard job to get two such confounded heavy loads of wood on their hinges. We must take some day when everybody is at home, and everybody willing to work. Saturday next, I intend to have a review; and once a month, the year round, there will be a muster, when all the arms are to be cleaned and loaded, and orders given how to act in case of an alarm. An old soldier would be disgraced to allow himself to be run down by mere vagabonds. My pride is concerned, and you may sleep in peace."

"Yes, *do*, dearest Hugh."—Then the matron proceeded through the rooms, expressing her satisfaction at the care which had been had for her comfort, in her own rooms in particular.

Sooth to say, the interior of the hut presented that odd contrast between civilization and rude expedients which so frequently occurs

on an American frontier, where persons educated in refinement often find themselves brought in close collision with savage life. Carpets in America, and in the year of our Lord 1765, were not quite as much a matter of course in domestic economy as they are to-day. Still they were to be found, though it was rare indeed that they covered more than the centre of the room. One of these great essentials, without which no place can appear comfortable in a cold climate, was spread on the floor of Mrs. Willoughby's parlour — a room that served for both eating and as a sala, the Knight's Hall of the Hut, measuring twenty by twenty-four feet—though in fact this carpet concealed exactly two-thirds of the white clean plank. Then the chairs were massive and even rich, while one might see his face in the dark mahogany of the tables. There were cellarets — the captain being a connoisseur in wines — bureaus, secretaries, beaufets, and other similar articles, which had been collected in the course of twenty years' housekeeping, and, having been scattered at different posts, were collected, and brought

hither by means of sledges and the facilities of the water-courses. Fashion had little to do with furniture in that simple age, when the son did not hesitate to wear even the clothes of the father years and years after the tailor had taken leave of them. Massive old furniture, in particular, lasted for generations, and our matron now saw many articles which had belonged to her grandfather assembled beneath the first roof that she could ever strictly call her own.

Mrs. Willoughby took a survey of the offices last. Here she found, already established, the two Plinies, with Mar*i*', the sister of the elder Pliny, Bess, the wife of the younger, and 'Mony— *alias* Desdemona — a collateral of the race, by ties and affinities that Garter King-at-arms could not have traced genealogically; since he would have been puzzled to say whether the woman was the cousin, or aunt, or step-daughter of Mar*i*', or all three. All the women were hard at work, Bess singing in a voice that reached the adjoining forest. Mar*i*' — this name was pronounced with a strong emphasis on the last syllable,

or like Maria, without the final vowel—Mari' was the head of the kitchen, even Pliny the elder standing in salutary dread of her authority; and her orders to her brother and nephew were pouring forth in an English that was divided into three categories,—the Anglo-Saxon, the Low Dutch, and the Guinea dialect; a medley that rendered her discourse a droll assemblage of the vulgar and the classical.

"Here, niggers," she cried, "why you don't jump about like Paus dance? Ebbery t'ing want a hand, and some want a foot. Plate to wash, crockery to open, water to b'ile, dem knife to clean, and not'ing missed. Lord, here 's a madam, and 'e whole kitchen in a diffusion."

"Well, Mari'," exclaimed the captain good-naturedly, "here you are scolding away as if you had been in the place these six months, and knew all its faults and weaknesses."

"Can't help a scold, master, in sich a time as dis.—Come away from dem plates, *you* Great Smash, and let a proper hand take hold on 'em."

Here we ought to say that Captain Willoughby had christened Bess by the *sobriquet*

of Great Smash, on account of her size, which fell little short of two hundred estimated in pounds, and a certain facility she possessed in destroying crockery; while 'Mony went by the milder appellation of "Little Smash,"—not that bowls or plates fared any better in her hands, but because *she* weighed only one hundred and eighty.

"Dis is what I tell 'em, massa," continued Mari', in a remonstrating, argumentative sort of a tone, with dogmatism and respect singularly mingled in her manner — "dis, massa, just what I tell 'em *all*. I tell 'em, says I, this is Hunter Knoll, and not All*bon*ny : here no store ; no place to buy t'ing if you break 'em ; no good woman who know ebbery t'ing, to tell you where to find t'ing if you *lose* him. If dere was only good woman, *dat* somet'ing ; but no fortun'-teller out here in de bushes—no, no—when a silber spoon go *here*, he go for good and all.—Goody massy!"—staring at something in the court—"what he call *dat*, sa ?"

"That ? oh ! that is only an Indian hunter I keep about me to bring us game. You 'll never have an empty spit, Mari', as long as *he* is with

us. Fear nothing; he will not harm you. His name is Nick."

"De *Ole* Nick, massa?"

"No, only *Saucy* Nick. The fellow is a little slovenly to-day in his appearance; and you see he has brought already several partridges, besides a rabbit. We shall have venison in the season."

Here all the negroes, after staring at Nick quite a minute, set up a loud shout, laughing as if the Tuscarora had been created for their special amusement. Although the captain was somewhat of a martinet in his domestic discipline, it had ever altogether exceeded his authority, or his art, to prevent these bursts of merriment; and he led his wife away from the din, leaving Mari', Great Smash, and Little Smash, with the two Plinies, in ecstacies at their own uproar. Burst succeeded burst, until the Indian walked away in offended dignity.

Such was the commencement of the domestication of the Willoughbys at the Hutted Knoll. The plan of our tale does not require us to follow them minutely for the few succeeding years, though some further explanation may be neces-

sary to show why this settlement varied a little from the ordinary course.

That very season, or, in the summer of 1765, Mrs. Willoughby inherited some real estate in Albany, by the death of an uncle, as well as a few thousand pounds currency in ready money. This addition to his fortune made the captain exceedingly comfortable, or, for that day, rich; and it left him to act his pleasure as related to his lands. Situated, as these last were, so remote from other settlements as to render highways for some time hopeless, he saw no use in endeavouring to anticipate the natural order of things. It would only create embarrassment to raise produce which could not be sent to market; and he well knew that a population of any amount could not exist, in quiet, without the usual attendants of buying and selling. Then it suited his own taste to be the commander-in-chief of an isolated establishment like this; and he was content to live in abundance on his flats, feeding his people, his cattle, and even his hogs to satiety, and having wherewithal to send away the occasional adventurer, who entered his clearing, contented and happy.

Thus it was that he neither sold nor leased. No person dwelt on his land who was not a direct dependant or hireling, and all that the earth yielded he could call his own. Nothing was sent abroad for sale but cattle. Every year, a small drove of fat beeves and milch cows found their way through the forest to Albany, and the proceeds returned in the shape of foreign supplies. The rents, and the interests on bonds, were left to accumulate, or were applied to aid Robert in obtaining a new step in the army. Lands began to be granted nearer and nearer to his own; and here and there some old officer like himself, or a solitary farmer, began to cut away the wilderness, but none in his immediate vicinity.

Still, the captain did not live altogether as a hermit. He visited Edmeston of Mount Edmeston, a neighbour less than fifty miles distant; was occasionally seen at Johnson Hall, with Sir William, or at the bachelor establishment of Sir John on the Mohawk; and once or twice he so far overcame his indolence as to consent to serve as a member for a new county that was called Tryon, after a ruling governor.

CHAPTER IV.

Hail, sober evening! Thee the harass'd brain
And aching heart with fond orisons greet:
The respite thou of toil; the balm of pain;
To thoughtful mind the hour for musing meet.
'Tis then the sage from forth his lone retreat
The rolling universe around espies;
'Tis then the bard may hold communion sweet
With lovely shapes unkenned by grosser eyes,
And quick perception comes of finer mysteries.

SANDS.

IN the preceding chapter we closed the minuter narrative with a scene at the Hut in the spring of 1765. We must now advance the time just ten years, opening anew in the month of May, 1775. This, it is scarcely necessary to tell the reader, is bringing him at once up to the earliest days of the Revolution. The contest which preceded that great event had, in fact, occurred in the intervening time, and we are now about to plunge into the current

of some of the minor incidents of the struggle itself.

Ten years are a century in the history of a perfectly new settlement. The changes they produce are even surprising, though in ordinary cases they do not suffice to erase the signs of a recent origin. The forest is opened, and the light of day admitted, it is true; but its remains are still to be seen in multitudes of unsightly stumps, dead standing trees, and ill-looking stubs. These vestiges of the savage state usually remain a quarter of a century; in certain regions they are to be found for even more than twice that period. All this, however, had Captain Willoughby escaped, in consequence of limiting his clearing, in a great measure, to that which had been made by the beavers; and from which time and natural decay had, long before his arrival, removed every ungainly object. It is true, here and there a few acres had been cleared on the firmer ground at the margin of the flats, where barns and farm buildings had been built, and orchards planted; but, in order to preserve the harmony of his view, the captain had caused all the stumps to be pulled up and burnt,

giving to these places the same air of agricultural finish as characterised the fields on the lower land.

To this sylvan scene, at a moment which preceded the setting of the sun by a little more than an hour, and in the first week of the genial month of May, we must now bring the reader in fancy. The season had been early, and the Beaver Manor, or the part of it which was cultivated, lying low and sheltered, vegetation had advanced considerably beyond the point that is usual at that date in the elevated region of which we have been writing. The meadows were green with matted grasses, the wheat and rye resembled rich velvets, and the ploughed fields had the fresh and mellowed appearance of good husbandry and a rich soil. The shrubbery, of which the captain's English taste had introduced quantities, was already in leaf, and even portions of the forest began to veil their sombre mysteries with the delicate foliage of an American spring.

The site of the ancient pond was a miracle of rustic beauty. Everything like inequality or imperfection had disappeared, the whole presenting a broad and picturesquely shaped basin, with

outlines fashioned principally by Nature—an artist that rarely fails in effect. The flat was divided into fields by low post-and-rail fences, the captain making it a law to banish all unruly animals from his estate. The barns and out-buildings were neatly made and judiciously placed, and the three or four roads or lanes that led to them crossed the lowland in such graceful curves as greatly to increase the beauty of the landscape. Here and there a log cabin was visible, nearly buried in the forest, with a few necessary and neat appliances around it; the homes of labourers who had long dwelt in them, and who seemed content to pass their lives in the same place. As most of these men had married and become fathers, the whole colony, including children, notwithstanding the captain's policy not to settle, had grown to considerably more than a hundred souls, of whom three-and-twenty were able-bodied men. Among the latter were the millers; but their mills were buried in the ravine where they had been first placed, quite out of sight from the picture above, concealing all the unavoidable and ungainly-looking objects of a saw-mill yard.

As a matter of course, the object of the greatest interest, as it was the most conspicuous, was the Hutted Knoll, as the house was now altogether called, and the objects it contained. Thither, then, we will now direct our attention, and describe things as they appeared ten years after they were first presented to the reader.

The same agricultural finish as prevailed on the flats pervaded every object on the Knoll, though some labour had been expended to produce it. Everything like a visible rock, the face of the cliff on the northern end excepted, had disappeared; the stones having been blasted, and either worked into walls for foundations, or walls for fence. The entire base of the knoll, always excepting the little precipice at the rivulet, was encircled by one of the latter, erected under the superintendence of Jamie Allen, who still remained at the Hut, a bachelor, and, as he said himself, a happy man. The southern face of the Knoll was converted into lawn, there being quite two acres intersected with walks, and well garnished with shrubbery. What was unusual in America at that day, the captain, owing to his English education, had avoided straight lines and

formal paths; giving to the little spot the improvement on Nature, which is a consequence of embellishing her works without destroying them. On each side of this lawn was an orchard, thrifty and young, and which were already beginning to show signs of putting forth their blossoms.

About the Hut itself the appearance of change was not so manifest. Captain Willoughby had caused it to be constructed originally as he intended to preserve it, and it formed no part of his plan to cover it with tawdry colours. There it stood, brown above, and grey beneath, as wood or stone was the material, with a widely projecting roof. It had no piazzas, or stoups, and was still without external windows, one range excepted. The loops had been cut, but it was more for the benefit of lighting the garrets, than for any other reason; all of them being glazed, and serving the end for which they had been pierced. The gates remained precisely in the situation in which they were when last presented to the eye of the reader! There they stood, each leaning against the wall on its own side of the gate-way, the hinges beginning to rust from time and exposure. Ten years had not produced a day of suffi-

cient leisure in which to hang them; though Mrs. Willoughby frequently spoke of the necessity of doing so, in the course of the first summer. Even she had got to be so familiarized to her situation, and so accustomed to seeing the leaves where they stood, that she now regarded them as a couple of sleeping lions in stone, or as characteristic ornaments, rather than as substantial defences to the entrance of the dwelling.

The interior of the Hut, however, had undergone many alterations. The western half had been completed, and handsome rooms had been fitted up for guests and inmates of the family in the portion of the edifice occupied by the latter. Additional comforts had been introduced; and, the garners, cribs, and lodgings of the labourers having been transferred to the skirts of the forest, the house was more strictly and exclusively the abode of a respectable and well-regulated family. In the rear, too, a wing had been thrown along the verge of the cliff, completely enclosing the court. This wing, which overhung the rivulet, and had not only a most picturesque site, but a most picturesque and lovely view, now contained the library, parlour, and music-room, together

with other apartments devoted to the uses of the ladies during the day; the old portions of the house that had once been similarly occupied being now converted into sleeping apartments. The new wing was constructed entirely of massive squared logs, so as to render it bullet-proof; there being no necessity for a stone foundation, standing, as it did, on the verge of a cliff some forty feet in height. This was the part of the edifice which had external windows; the elevation removing it from the danger of inroads, or hostile shot, while the air and view were both grateful and desirable. Some extra attention had been paid to the appearance of the meadows on this side of the Knoll, and the captain had studiously kept their skirts, as far as the eye could see from the windows, in virgin forest; placing the barns, cabins, and other detached buildings so far south as to be removed from view. Beulah Willoughby, a gentle, tranquil creature, had a profound admiration of the beauties of nature; and to her, her parents had yielded the control of everything that was considered accessary to the mere charms of the eye: her taste had directed most of that which had not been effected

by the noble luxuriance of nature. Wild roses were already putting forth their leaves in various fissures of the rocks, where earth had been placed for their support; and the margin of the little stream, which actually washed the base of the cliff, winding off in a charming sweep through the meadows,—a rivulet of less than twenty feet in width,—was garnished with willows and alder. Quitting this sylvan spot, we will return to the little shrub-adorned area in front of the Hut. This spot the captain called his *glacis*, while his daughters termed it the lawn. The hour, it will be remembered, was shortly before sunset; and thither nearly all the family had repaired to breathe the freshness of the pure air, and bathe in the genial warmth of a season which is ever so grateful to those who have recently escaped from the rigour of a stern winter. Rude and sufficiently picturesque garden-seats were scattered about, and on one of these were seated the captain and his wife: he, with his hair sprinkled with grey, a hale, athletic, healthy man of sixty; and she a fresh-looking, mild-featured, and still handsome matron of forty-eight. In front stood a venerable-looking personage, of small stature, dressed

in rusty black, of the cut that denoted the attire of a clergyman before it was considered aristocratic to wear the outward symbols of belonging to the church of God. This was the Rev. Jedidiah Woods, a native of New England, who had long served as a chaplain in the same regiment with the captain; and who, being a bachelor, on retired pay, had dwelt with his old messmate for the last eight years in the double capacity of one who exercised the healing art as well for the soul as for the body. To his other offices he added that of an instructor, in various branches of knowledge, of the young people. The chaplain, for so he was called by everybody in and around the Hut, was, at the moment of which we are writing, busy in expounding to his friends certain nice distinctions that existed, or which he fancied to exist, between a tom-cod and a chub, the former of which fish he very erroneously conceived he held in his hand at that moment; the Rev. Mr. Woods being a much better angler than naturalist. To his dissertation Mrs. Willoughby listened with great good-nature, endeavouring all the while to feel interested; while her husband kept uttering his "By all means," "Yes," "Cer-

tainly," "You are quite right, Woods," his gaze at the same time fastened on Joel Strides and Pliny the elder, who were unharnessing their teams on the flats beneath, having just finished a "land," and deeming it too late to commence another.

Beulah, her pretty face shaded by a large sun-bonnet, was superintending the labours of Jamie Allen, who, finding nothing just then to do as a mason, was acting in the capacity of gardener: his hat was thrown upon the grass, with his white locks bare; and he was delving about some shrubs, with the intention of giving them the benefit of a fresh dressing of manure. Maud, however, without a hat of any sort, her long, luxuriant, silken, golden tresses covering her shoulders, and occasionally veiling her warm, rich cheek, was exercising with a battledore, keeping Little Smash, now increased in size to quite fourteen stone, rather actively employed as an assistant, whenever the exuberance of her own spirits caused her to throw the plaything beyond her reach. In one of the orchards, hard by, two men were employed trimming the trees. To these the captain next turned all his attention, just as he

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had encouraged the chaplain to persevere, by exclaiming, "Out of all question, my dear sir,"—though he was absolutely ignorant that the other had just advanced a downright scientific heresy. At this critical moment a cry from Little Smash, which almost equalled a downfall of crockery in its clamour, drew every eye in her direction.

"What is the matter, Desdemona?" asked the chaplain a little tartly, by no means pleased at having his natural history startled by sounds so inapplicable to the subject. "How often have I told you that the Lord views with displeasure anything so violent and improper as your outcries?"

"Can't help him, dominie—nebber can help him, when he take me sudden. See, masser, dere come Ole Nick!"

There was Nick, sure enough. For the first time in more than two years the Tuscarora was seen approaching the house, on the long, loping trot that he affected when he wished to seem busy, or honestly earning his money. He was advancing by the only road that was ever travelled by the stranger as he approached the Hut; or, he came up the valley. As the woman spoke,

he had just made his appearance over the rocks, in the direction of the mills. At that distance, quite half a mile, he would not have been recognised but for this gait, which was too familiar to all at the Knoll, however, to be mistaken.

"That is Nick, sure enough!" exclaimed the captain. "The fellow comes at the pace of a runner; or, as if he were the bearer of some important news!"

"The tricks of Saucy Nick are too well known to deceive any here," observed Mrs. Willoughby, who, surrounded by her husband and children, always felt so happy as to deprecate every appearance of danger.

"These savages will keep that pace for hours at a time," observed the chaplain; "a circumstance that has induced some naturalists to fancy a difference in the species, if not in the genus."

"Is he chub or tom-cod, Woods?" asked the captain, throwing back on the other all he recollected of the previous discourse.

"Nay," observed Mrs. Willoughby anxiously, "I *do* think he may have some intelligence! It is now more than a twelvemonth since we have seen Nick."

"It is more than twice twelve months, my dear. I have not seen the fellow's face since I denied him the keg of rum for his 'discovery' of another beaver pond. He has tried to sell me a new pond every season since the purchase of this."

"Do you think he took serious offence, Hugh, at that refusal? If so, would it not be better to give him what he asks?"

"I have thought little about it, and care less, my dear. Nick and I know each other pretty well. It is an acquaintance of thirty years' standing, and one that has endured trials by flood and field, and even by the horse-whip. No less than three times have I been obliged to make these salutary applications to Nick's back with my own hands; though it is, now, more than ten years since a blow has passed between us."

"Does a savage ever forgive a blow?" asked the chaplain, with a grave air and a look of surprise.

"I fancy a *savage* is quite as apt to forgive it as a *civilized* man, Woods. To you, who have served so long in his Majesty's army, a blow, in the way of punishment, can be no great novelty."

"Certainly not, as respects the soldiers; but I did not know Indians were ever flogged."

"That is because you never happened to be present at the ceremony.—But this is Nick, sure enough; and by his trot I begin to think the fellow has some message, or news."

"How old is the man, captain? Does an Indian never break down?"

"Nick must be fairly fifty, now. I have known him more than half that period; and he was an experienced, and, to own the truth, a brave and skilful warrior, when we first met. I rate him fifty, every day of it."

By this time the new-comer was so near that the conversation ceased, all standing gazing at him as he approached, and Maud gathering up her hair with maiden bashfulness, though certainly Nick was no stranger. As for Little Smash, she waddled off to proclaim the news to the younger Pliny, Mari', and Great Smash; all of whom were still in the kitchen of the Hut, flourishing, sleek, and glistening.

Soon after, Nick arrived. He came up the Knoll on his loping trot, never stopping until he was within five or six yards of the captain,

when he suddenly halted, folded his arms, and stood in a composed attitude, lest he should betray a womanish desire to tell his story. He did not even pant, but appeared as composed and unmoved as if he had walked the half-mile he had been seen to pass over on a trot.

"Sago—Sago," cried the captain heartily: "you are welcome back, Nick; I am glad to see you still so active."

"Sago," answered the guttural voice of the Indian, who quietly nodded his head.

"What will you have to refresh you, after such a journey, Nick?—our trees give us good cider now."

"Santa Cruz better," rejoined the sententious Tuscarora.

"Santa Cruz is certainly *stronger*," answered the captain, laughing; "and, in that sense, you may find it better. You shall have a glass as soon as we go to the house. What news do you bring, that you come in so fast?"

"Glass won't do. Nick bring news worth *jug*. Squaw give *two* jug for Nick's news. Is it barg'in?"

"I!" cried Mrs. Willoughby; "what con-

cern can I have with your news? My daughters are both with me, and, Heaven be praised! both are well. What *can* I care for your news, Nick?"

"Got no pap-poose but gal? T'ink you got boy—officer—great chief—up here, down yonder, over dere."

"Robert!—Major Willoughby! What can *you* have to tell me of my son?"

"Tell all about him for *one* jug. Jug out yonder; Nick's story out here. One good as t'other."

"You shall have all you ask, Nick."—These were not temperance days, when conscience took so firm a stand between the bottle and the lips. —"You shall have all you ask, Nick, provided you can really give me good accounts of my noble boy. Speak, then; what have you to say?"

"Say, you see him in ten, five minute. Sent Nick before to keep moder from too much cry."

An exclamation from Maud followed; then the ardent girl was seen rushing down the lawn, her hat thrown aside, and her bright fair hair again flowing in ringlets on her shoulders. She flew, rather than ran, in the direction of the mill,

where the figure of Robert Willoughby was seen rushing forward to meet her. Suddenly the girl stopped, threw herself on a log, and hid her face. In a few minutes she was locked in her brother's arms. Neither Mrs. Willoughby nor Beulah imitated this impetuous movement on the part of Maud; but the captain, chaplain, and even Jamie Allen, hastened down the road to meet and welcome the young major. Ten minutes later, Bob Willoughby was folded to his mother's heart; then came Beulah's turn; after which, the news having flown through the household, the young man had to receive the greetings of Mari, both the Smashes, the younger Pliny, and all the dogs. A tumultuous quarter of an hour brought all round again to its proper place, and restored something like order to the Knoll. Still an excitement prevailed the rest of the day, for the sudden arrival of a guest always produced a sensation in that retired settlement; much more likely, then, was the unexpected appearance of the only son and heir to create one. As everybody bustled and was in motion, the whole family was in the parlour, and Major Willoughby was receiving the grateful refreshment of a delicious

cup of tea before the sun set. The chaplain would have retired, out of delicacy; but to this the captain would not listen: he would have everything proceed as if the son were a customary guest; though it might have been seen by the manner in which his mother's affectionate eye was fastened on his handsome face, as well as that in which his sister Beulah, in particular, hung about him, under the pretence of supplying his wants, that the young man was anything but an every-day inmate.

"How the lad has grown!" said the captain; tears of pride starting into his eyes, in spite of a very manful resolution to appear composed and soldier-like.

"I was about to remark that myself, captain," observed the chaplain. "I do think Mr. Robert has got to his full six feet—every inch as tall as you are yourself, my good sir."

"That is he, Woods; and taller in one sense. He is a major already, at twenty-seven; it is a step I was not able to reach at near twice the age."

"That was owing, my dear sir," answered the son quickly, and with a slight tremor in his

voice, "to your not having had as kind a father as has fallen to my share; or, at least, one not as well provided with the means of purchasing."

"Say, none at all, Bob, and you can wound no feeling, while you will tell the truth. *My* father died a lieutenant-colonel when I was a school-boy; I owed my ensigncy to my uncle Sir Hugh, the father of the present Sir Harry Willoughby; after that I owed each step to hard and long service. Your mother's legacies have helped you along at a faster rate, though I do trust there has been some merit to aid in the preferment."

"Speaking of Sir Harry Willoughby, sir, reminds me of one part of my errand to the Hut," said the major, glancing his eye towards his father, as if to prepare him for some unexpected intelligence.

"What of my cousin?" demanded the captain calmly. "We have not met in thirty years, and are the next thing to strangers to each other. Has he made that silly match of which I heard something when last in York? Has he disinherited his daughter, as he threatened? Use no reserve here; our friend Woods is one of the family."

"Sir Harry Willoughby is not married, sir, but dead."

"Dead!" repeated the captain, setting down his cup, like one who had received a sudden shock. "I hope, not without having been reconciled to his daughter, and providing for her large family?"

"He died in her arms, and escaped the consequences of his silly intention to marry his own housekeeper. With one material exception, he has left Mrs. Bowater his whole fortune."

The captain sat thoughtful for some time; every one else being silent and attentive. But the mother's feelings prompted her to inquire as to the nature of the exception.

"Why, mother, contrary to all my expectations, and I may say wishes, he has left *me* twenty-five thousand pounds in the Fives. I only hold the money as my father's trustee."

"You do no such thing, Master Bob, I can tell you!" said the captain with emphasis.

The son looked at the father a moment, as if to see whether he was understood, and then he proceeded—

"I presume you remember, sir," said the major, "that *you* are the heir to the title?"

"I have not forgot that, Major Willoughby; but what is an empty baronetcy to a happy husband and father like me, here in the wilds of America? Were I still in the army, and a colonel, the thing might be of use; as I am, I would rather have a tolerable road from this place to the Mohawk than the duchy of Norfolk without the estate."

"Estate there is none, certainly," returned the major in a tone of a little disappointment, "except the twenty-five thousand pounds; unless you include that which you possess where you are—not insignificant, by the way, sir."

"It will do well enough for old Hugh Willoughby, late a captain in his Majesty's 23rd Regiment of Foot, but not so well for *Sir* Hugh. No, no, Bob. Let the baronetcy sleep a while: it has been used quite enough for the last hundred years or more. Out of this circle, there are probably not ten persons in America who know that I have any claims to it."

The major coloured, and he played with the spoon of his empty cup, stealing a glance or two around before he answered.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Hugh, — my dear

father, I mean; but, to own the truth, never anticipating such a decision on your part, I have spoken of the thing to a good many friends. I dare say, if the truth were known, I've called you the baronet, or Sir Hugh, to others, at least a dozen times."

"Well, should it be so, the thing will be forgotten. A parson can be unfrocked, Woods; and a baronet can be unbaroneted, I suppose."

"But Sir William" — so everybody called the well-known Sir William Johnson in the colony of New York—"But Sir William found it useful, Willoughby; and so, I dare say, will his son and successor, Sir John," observed the attentive wife and anxious mother; "and, if *you* are not now in the army, Bob is. It will be a good thing for our son one day, and ought not to be lost."

"Ah, I see how it is, Beulah; your mother has no notion to lose the right of being called Lady Willoughby."

"I am sure my mother, sir, wishes to be called nothing that does not become *your* wife; if you remain Mr. Hugh Willoughby, she will

remain Mrs. Hugh Willoughby. But, papa, it *might* be useful to Bob."

Beulah was a great favourite with the captain, Maud being only his darling; he listened always to whatever the former said, therefore, with indulgence and respect. He often told the chaplain that his daughter Beulah had the true feelings of her sex, possessing a sort of instinct for whatever was right and becoming in woman.

"Well, Bob may have the baronetcy, then," he said, smiling. "Major Sir Robert Willoughby will not sound amiss in a despatch."

"But Bob *cannot* have it, father," exclaimed Maud. "No one *can* have it but *you*; and it's a pity it should be lost."

"Let him wait, then, until I am out of the way; when he may claim his own."

"*Can* that be done?" inquired the mother, to whom nothing was without interest that affected her children. "How is it, Mr. Woods? —may a title be dropped, and then picked up again?— How is this, Robert?"

"I believe it may, my dear mother. It will always exist, so long as there is an heir; and my

father's disrelish for it will not be binding on me."

"Oh! in that case, then, all will come right in the end; though, as your father does not want it, I wish you could have it now."

This was said with the most satisfied air in the world, as if the speaker had no possible interest in the matter herself, and it closed the conversation for that time. It was not easy to keep up an interest in anything that related to the family, where Mrs. Willoughby was concerned, in which heart did not predominate. A baronetcy was a considerable dignity in the colony of New York in the year of our Lord 1775, and it gave its possessor far more importance than it would have done in England. In the whole colony there was but one, though a good many were to be found further south; and he was known as "Sir John," as, in England, Lord Rockingham, or, in America at a later day, La Fayette, was known as "*The* Marquis." Under such circumstances, then, it would have been no trifling sacrifice to an ordinary woman to forego the pleasure of being called "my lady." But the sacrifice cost our matron no pain, no

regrets, no thought even. The same attachments which made her happy, away from the world, in the wilderness where she dwelt, supplanted all other feelings, and left her no room or leisure to think of such vanities. When the discourse changed, it was understood that "Sir Hugh" was not to be "Sir Hugh," and that "Sir Robert" must bide his time.

"Where did you fall in with the Tuscarora, Bob?" suddenly asked the captain, as much to bring up another subject as through curiosity. "The fellow had been so long away, I began to think we should never see him again."

"He tells me, sir, he has been on a war-path, somewhere out among the western savages. It seems these Indians fight among themselves from time to time, and Nick has been trying to keep his hand in. I found him down at Canajoharie, and took him for a guide; though he had the honesty to own he was on the point of coming over here, had I not engaged him."

"I 'll answer for it, he didn't tell you *that* until you had paid him for the job."

"Why, to own the truth, he did not, sir. He pretended something about owing money in

the village, and got his pay in advance. I learned his intentions only when we were within a few miles of the Hut."

"I 'm glad to find, Bob, that you give the place its proper name. How gloriously Sir Hugh Willoughby, Bart., of The *Hut*, Tryon county, New York, would sound, Woods! — Did Nick boast of the scalps he has taken from the Carthaginians?"

"He lays claim to three, I believe; though I have seen none of his trophies."

"The Roman hero! — Yet I have known Nick rather a dangerous warrior. He was out against us, in some of my earliest service; and our acquaintance was made by my saving his life from the bayonet of one of my own grenadiers. I thought the fellow remembered the act for some years; but, in the end, I believe I flogged all the gratitude out of him. His motives, now, are concentrated in the little island of Santa Cruz."

"Here he is, father," said Maud, stretching her light, flexible form out of a window. "Mike and the Indian are seated at the lower spring, with a jug between them, and appear to be in a deep conversation.

"Ay, I remember, on their first acquaintance, that Mike mistook *Saucy* Nick for *Old* Nick. The Indian was indignant for a while at being mistaken for the Evil Spirit; but the worthies soon found a bond of union between them, and, before six months, he and the Irishman became sworn friends. It is said, whenever two human beings love a common principle, that it never fails to make them firm allies."

"And what was the principle in this case, Captain Willoughby?" inquired the chaplain with curiosity.

"Santa Cruz. Mike renounced whiskey altogether after he came to America, and took to rum. As for Nick, he was never so vulgar as to find pleasure in the former liquor."

The whole party had gathered to the windows while the discourse was proceeding; and, looking out, each individual saw Mike and his friend in the situation described by Maud. The two *amateurs — connoisseurs* would not be misapplied, either—had seated themselves at the brink of a spring of delicious water; and, removing the corn-cob that Pliny the younger had felt it to be classical to affix to the nozzle of a quart

jug, had, some time before, commenced the delightful recreation of sounding the depth, not of the spring, but of the vessel. As respects the former, Mike, who was a wag in his way, had taken a hint from a practice said to be common in Ireland, called "potatoe and point,"—which means, to eat the potatoe and point at the butter; declaring that "rum and p'int" was every bit as entertaining as a "pint of rum." On this principle, then, with a broad grin on a face that opened from ear to ear whenever he laughed, the County Leitrim man would gravely point his finger at the water, in a sort of mock homage, and follow up the movement with such a suck at the nozzle, as, aided by the efforts of Nick, soon analysed the upper half of the liquor that had entered by that very passage. All this time conversation did not flag, and, as the parties grew warm, confidence increased, though reason sensibly diminished. As a part of this discourse will have some bearing on what is to follow, it may be in place to relate it here.

"Ye 're a jewel, ye be, *ould* Nick, or *young* Nick!" cried Mike, in an ecstacy of friendship, just after he had completed his first half-pint.

"Ye're as wilcome at the Huts as if ye owned thim, and I love ye as I did my own brother before I left the county Leitrim—paice to his sowl!"

"He dead?" asked Nick sententiously; for he had lived enough among the pale-faces to have some notions of their theory about the soul.

"That 's more than I know; but, living or dead, the man must have a sowl, ye understand, Nicholas. A human crathure widout a sowl is what I call a heretick; and none of the O'Hearns ever came to *that*."

Nick was tolerably drunk, but by no means so far gone that he had not manners enough to make a grave and somewhat dignified gesture; which was as much as to say he was familiar with the subject.

"All go ole fashion here?" he asked, avoiding every appearance of curiosity, however.

"That does it—that it does, Nicholas. All goes ould enough. The captain begins to get ould; and the missus is oulder than she used to be; and Joel's wife looks a hundred, though she isn't t'irty; and Joel himself, the spalpeen, he

looks—" a gulp at the jug stopped the communication.

"Dirty, too?" added the sententious Tuscarora, who did not comprehend more than half his friend said.

"Ay, dir-r-thy — he 's always *that*. He 's a dirthy fellow, that thinks his Yankee char*ac*tur is above all other things."

Nick's countenance became illuminated with an expression nowise akin to that produced by rum, and he fastened on his companion one of his fiery gazes, which occasionally seemed to penetrate to the centre of the object looked at.

"Why pale-face hate one anoder? Why Irishman don't love Yankee?"

"Och! love the crathure, is it? You 'd betther ask me to love a to'd" — for so Michael would pronounce the word "toad." "What is there to love about him, but skin and bone? I 'd as soon love a skiliten! Yes, an immortal skiliten!"

Nick made another gesture, and then he endeavoured to reflect, like one who had a grave business in contemplation. The Santa Cruz confused his brain: but the Indian never entirely

lost his presence of mind; or never, at least, so long as he could either see or walk.

"Don't like him?" rejoined Nick. "Like anybody?"

"To be sure I does; I like the capt'in—och, *he*'s a jontleman! and I likes the missus—she's a laddy; and I likes Miss Beuly, who's a swate young woman; and then there's Miss Maud, who's the delight of my eyes! Fegs, but isn't *she* a crathure to relish!"

Mike spoke like a good honest fellow, as he was at the bottom, with all his heart and soul. The Indian did not seem pleased, but he made no answer.

"You've been in the wars then, Nick?" asked the Irishman, after a short pause.

"Yes—Nick been chief ag'in—take scalps."

"Ach! That's a mighty ugly thrade! If you'd tell 'em that in Ireland, they'd not think it a possibility."

"No like fight in Ireland, hah?"

"I'll not say that—no, I'll not say that; for many's the jollification at which the fighting is the chafe amusement. But we likes *thumping* on the head—not *skinning* it."

"That your fashion—my fashion take scalp. You thump; I skin—which best?"

"Augh! skinnin' is a dreadthful operation; but shillaleh-work comes nately and nat'rally. How many of these said scalps, now, may ye have picked up, Nick, in yer last journey?"

"T'ree—all man and woman—no pappoose. One big enough make *two*; so call him *four*."

"Oh! divil burn ye, Nick, but there's a spice of your namesake in ye, afther all. T'ree human crathures skinned, and you not satisfied; and so ye'll chait a bit to make 'em four! D'ye never think, now, of yer latther ind? D'ye never confess?"

"T'ink every day of *dat*. Hope to find more, before last day come. Plenty scalp *here*; ha, Mike?"

This was said a little incautiously, perhaps; but it was said under a strong native impulse. The Irishman, however, was never very logical or clear-headed; and three gills of rum had by no means helped to purify his brain. He heard the word "plenty," knew he was well fed and warmly clad, and just now, that Santa Cruz so

much abounded, the term seemed peculiarly applicable.

"It's a plinthiful place it is, is this very manor. There's all sorts of things in it that's wanted. There's food and raiment, and cattle, and grain, and porkers, and praiching; yes, divil burn it, Nick, but there's what *goes* for praiching, though it's no more like what *we* calls praiching than ye're like Miss Maud in comeliness,—and ye'll own, yourself, Nick, ye're no beauty."

"Got handsome hair," said Nick surlily.—"How she look widout scalp?"

"The likes of her, is it! Who ever saw one of her beauthy without the finest hair that ever was? What do you get for your scalps?—are they of any use when you find 'em?"

"Bring plenty bye'm bye. Whole country glad to see him before long—den beavers get pond ag'in."

"How's that—how's that, Indian? Baiver get pounded? There's no pound hereabouts, and baivers is not an animal to be shut up like a hog."

Nick perceived that his friend was past argumentation; and, as he himself was approaching the state when the drunkard receives delight from he knows not what, it is unnecessary to relate any more of the dialogue. The jug was finished, each man very honestly drinking his pint, and as naturally submitting to its consequences; and this so much the more, because the two were so engrossed with the rum that both forgot to pay that attention to the spring which might have been expected from its proximity.

CHAPTER V.

The soul, my lord, is fashioned—like the lyre :
Strike one chord suddenly, and others vibrate.
Your name abruptly mentioned, casual words
Of comment on your deeds, praise from your uncle,
News from the armies, talk of your return,
A word let fall touching your youthful passion,
Suffused her cheek, call'd to her drooping eye
A momentary lustre, made her pulse
Leap headlong, and her bosom palpitate.

HILLHOUSE.

THE approach of night, at sea, and in a wilderness, has always something more solemn in it than on land in the centre of civilization. As the curtain is drawn before his eyes, the solitude of the mariner is increased ; while even his sleepless vigilance seems, in a measure, baffled by the manner in which he is cut off from the signs of the hour. Thus, too, in the forest, or in an isolated clearing, the mysteries of the woods are deepened, and danger is robbed of its forethought

and customary guards. That evening Major Willoughby stood at a window with an arm round the slender waist of Beulah, Maud standing a little aloof; and as the twilight retired, leaving the shadows of evening to thicken on the forest which lay within a few hundred feet of that side of the hut, and casting a gloom over the whole of the quiet solitude, he felt the force of the feeling just mentioned, in a degree he had never before experienced.

"This is a *very* retired abode, my sisters," he said thoughtfully. "Do my father and mother never speak of bringing you out more into the world?"

"They take us to New York every winter, now father is in the Assembly," quietly answered Beulah. "We expected to meet you there last season, and were greatly disappointed that you did not come."

"My regiment was sent to the eastward, as you know; and, having just received my new rank of major, it would not do to be absent at the moment. Do you ever see any one here, besides those who belong to the manor?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Maud eagerly; then

she paused, as if sorry she had said anything, continuing, after a little pause, in a much more moderated vein, "I mean, occasionally. No doubt the place is very retired."

"Of what characters are your visitors?—Hunters, trappers, settlers, savages, or travellers?"

Maud did not answer; but Beulah, after waiting a moment for her sister to reply, took that office on herself.

"Some of all," she said, "though few, certainly, of the latter class. The hunters are often here; one or two a month, in the mild season: settlers rarely, as you may suppose, since my father will not sell, and there are not many about, I believe: the Indians come more frequently, though I think we have seen less of them during Nick's absence, than while he was more with us. Still we have as many as a hundred in a year perhaps, counting the women. They come in parties, you know, and five or six of these will make that number. As for travellers, they are rare; being generally surveyors, land-hunters, or perhaps a proprietor who is

looking up his estate. We had two of the last in the fall, before we went below."

"That is singular; and yet one might well look for an estate in a wilderness like this. Who were your proprietors?"

"An elderly man and a young one. The first was a sort of partner of the late Sir William's, I believe, who has a grant somewhere near us, for which he was searching. His name was Fonda. The other was one of the Beekmans, who has lately succeeded his father in a property of considerable extent, somewhere at no great distance from us, and came to take a look at it. They say he has quite a hundred thousand acres in one body."

"And did he find his land? Tracts of thousands and tens of thousands are sometimes not to be discovered."

"We saw him twice, going and returning, and he was successful. The last time he was detained by a snow-storm, and stayed with us some days — so long, indeed, that he remained, and accompanied us out, when we went below. We saw much of him, too, last winter, in town."

"Maud, you wrote me nothing of all this! Are visitors of this sort so very common that you do not speak of them in your letters?"

"Did I not? Beulah will scarce pardon me for *that*. She thinks Mr. Evert Beekman more worthy of a place in a letter than I do, perhaps."

"I think him a very respectable and sensible young man," answered Beulah quietly; though there was a deeper tint on her cheek than common, which it was too dark to see. "I am not certain, however, he need fill much space in the letters of either of your sisters."

"Well, this is *something* gleaned!" said the major, laughing; "and now, Beulah, if you will only let out a secret of the same sort about Maud, I shall be *au fait* of all the family mysteries."

"All!" repeated Maud quickly: "would there be nothing to tell of a certain Major Willoughby, brother of mine?"

"Not a syllable. I am as heart-whole as a sound oak, and hope to remain so. At all events, all I love is in this house. To tell you the truth, girls, these are not times for a soldier to

think of anything but his duty. The quarrel is getting to be serious between the mother country and her colonies."

"Not so serious, brother," observed Beulah earnestly, "as to amount to *that*. Evert Beekman thinks there will be trouble, but he does not appear to fancy it will go as far as very serious violence."

"Evert *Beekman!*—most of that family are loyal, I believe; how is it with this Evert?"

"I dare say *you* would call him a *rebel*," answered Maud, laughing; for now Beulah chose to be silent, leaving her sister to explain. "He is not *fiery;* but he calls himself an *American*, with emphasis; and that is saying a good deal, when it means he is not an *Englishman*. Pray what do you call yourself, Bob?"

"I!—Certainly an American in one sense, but an Englishman in another. An American, as my father was a Cumberland-man; and an Englishman as a subject, and as connected with the empire."

"As St. Paul was a Roman. Heigho!—Well, I fear I have but one character; or, if I have two, they are an American, and a New

York girl. Did I dress in scarlet, as you do, I might feel English too, possibly."

"This is making a trifling misunderstanding too serious," observed Beulah. "Nothing can come of all the big words that have been used, than more big words. I know that is Evert Beekman's opinion."

"I hope you may prove a true prophet," answered the major, once more buried in thought. "This place *does* seem to be fearfully retired for a family like ours. I hope my father may be persuaded to pass more of his time in New York. Does he ever speak on the subject, girls, or appear to have any uneasiness?"

"Uneasiness about what? The place is health itself; all sorts of fevers, and agues, and those things being quite unknown. Mamma says the toothache, even, cannot be found in this healthful spot."

"That is lucky: and yet I wish Captain Willoughby—*Sir Hugh* Willoughby—could be induced to live more in New York. Girls of your time of life ought to be in the way of seeing the world, too."

"In other words, of seeing admirers, Major

Bob," said Maud, laughing, and bending forward to steal a glance in her brother's face. "Good night! *Sir Hugh* wishes us to send you into his library when we can spare you; and *my lady* has sent us a hint that it is ten o'clock, at which hour it is usual for sober people to retire."

The major kissed both sisters with warm affection—Beulah fancied, with a sober tenderness; and Maud thought, kindly: and then they retired to join their mother, while he went to seek his father.

The captain was smoking in the library, as a room of all-*head*-work was called, in company with the chaplain. The practice of using tobacco in this form had grown to be so strong in both of these old inmates of garrisons, that they usually passed an hour in the recreation before they went to bed. Nor shall we mislead the reader with any notions of fine-flavoured Havana cigars,—pipes with Virginia cut being the materials employed in the indulgence. A little excellent Cognac and water, in which however the spring was not as much neglected as in the orgies related in the previous chapter, moistened their lips from time to time, giving a certain zest

and comfort to their enjoyments. Just as the door opened to admit the major, he was the subject of discourse; the proud parent and the partial friend finding almost an equal gratification in discussing his fine manly appearance, good qualities, and future hopes. His presence was untimely, then, in one sense; though he was welcome, and, indeed, expected. The captain pushed a chair to his son, and invited him to take a seat near the table, which held a spare pipe or two, a box of tobacco, a decanter of excellent brandy, a pitcher of pure water—all pleasant companions to the elderly gentlemen then in possession.

"I suppose you are too much of a Maccaroni, Bob, to smoke," observed the smiling father. "I detested a pipe at your time of life, or, may say, I was afraid of it; the only smoke that was in fashion among our scarlet coats being the smoke of gunpowder. Well, how comes on Gage, and your neighbours the Yankees?"

"Why, sir," answered the major, looking behind him, to make sure that the door was shut; "why, sir, to own the truth, my visit here,

just at this moment, is connected with the present state of that quarrel."

Both the captain and the chaplain drew the pipes from their mouths, holding them suspended in surprise and attention.

"The deuce it is!" exclaimed the former. "I thought I owed this unexpected pleasure to your affectionate desire to let me know I had inherited the empty honours of a baronetcy!"

"That was *one* motive, sir, but the least. I beg you to remember the awkwardness of my position, as a King's officer, in the midst of enemies."

"The devil! I say, parson, this exceeds heresy and schism! Do you call lodging in your father's house, Major Willoughby, being in the midst of enemies? This is rebellion against nature, and is worse than rebellion against the King."

"My dear father, no one feels more secure with *you*, than I do; or even with Mr. Woods here. But there are others besides you two in this part of the world, and your very settlement may not be safe a week longer; pro-

bably would not be, if my presence in it were known."

Both listeners now fairly laid down their pipes, and the smoke began gradually to dissipate, as it might have been rising from a field of battle. One looked at the other in wonder, and then both looked at the major in curiosity.

"What is the meaning of all this, my son?" asked the captain gravely. "Has anything new occurred to complicate the old causes of quarrel?"

"Blood has at length been drawn, sir; open rebellion has commenced!"

"This is a serious matter indeed, if it be really so. But do you not exaggerate the consequences of some fresh indiscretion of the soldiery in firing on the people? Remember, in the other affair, even the colonial authorities justified the officers."

"This is a very different matter, sir. Blood has not been drawn in a *riot*, but in a *battle*."

"Battle! You amaze me, sir! That is indeed a serious matter, and may lead to most serious consequences!"

"The Lord preserve us from evil times," ejaculated the chaplain, "and lead us, poor, dependent creatures that we are, into the paths of peace and quietness! Without his grace, we are the blind leading the blind."

"Do you mean, Major Willoughby, that armed and disciplined bodies have met in actual conflict?"

"Perhaps not literally so, my dear father; but the minute-men of Massachusetts, and his Majesty's forces, have met and fought. This I know full well; for my own regiment was in the field, and I hope it is unnecessary to add that its second officer was not absent."

"Of course these minute-men—rabble would be the better word—could not stand before you?" said the captain, compressing his lips, under a strong impulse of military pride.

Major Willoughby coloured, and, to own the truth, at that moment he wished the Rev. Mr. Woods, if not literally at the devil, at least safe and sound in another room; anywhere, so it were out of ear-shot of the answer.

"Why, sir," he said, hesitating, not to say

stammering, notwithstanding a prodigious effort to seem philosophical and calm,—"to own the truth, these minute-fellows are not quite as contemptible as we soldiers would be apt to think. It was a stone-wall affair, and dodging work; and so, you know, sir, drilled troops wouldn't have the usual chance. They pressed us pretty warmly on the retreat."

"*Retreat!* Major Willoughby!"

"I called it retreat, sure enough; but it was only a march *in* again, after having done the business on which we went out. I shall admit, I say, sir, that we were hard pressed, until *reinforced.*"

"*Reinforced*, my dear Bob! *Your* regiment, *our* regiment could not need a reinforcement against all the Yankees in New England?"

The major could not abstain from laughing a little at this exhibition of his father's *esprit de corps;* but native frankness, and love of truth, compelled him to admit the contrary.

"It *did*, sir, notwithstanding," he answered; "and, not to mince the matter, it needed it confoundedly. Some of our officers, who have

seen the hardest service of the last war, declare, that, taking the march, and the popping work, and the distance, altogether, it was the warmest day *they* remembered. Our loss, too, was by no means insignificant, as I hope you will believe, when you know the troops engaged. We report something like three hundred casualties."

The captain did not answer for quite a minute. All this time he sat thoughtful, and even pale; for his mind was teeming with the pregnant consequences of such an outbreak. Then he desired his son to give a succinct but connected history of the whole affair. The major complied, beginning his narrative with an account of the general state of the country, and concluding it by giving, as far as it was possible for one whose professional pride and political feelings were too deeply involved to be entirely impartial, a reasonably just account of the particular occurrence already mentioned.

The events that led to, and the hot skirmish which it is the practice of the country to call the battle of Lexington, and the incidents of the day itself, are too familiar to the ordinary

reader to require repetition here. The major explained all the military points very clearly, did full justice to the perseverance and daring of the provincials, as he called his enemies,—for, an American himself, he would not term them Americans,—and threw in as many explanatory remarks as he could think of by way of vindicating the "march *in* again." This he did, too, quite as much out of filial piety as out of self-love; for, to own the truth, the captain's mortification as a soldier was so very evident as to give his son sensible pain.

"The effect of all this," continued the major, when his narrative of the military movements was ended, "has been to raise a tremendous feeling throughout the country, and God knows what is to follow!"

"And this you have come hither to tell me, Robert," said the father kindly. "It is well done, and as I would have expected from you. We might have passed the summer here, and not have heard a whisper of so important an event."

"Soon after the affair, or as soon as we got some notion of its effect on the provinces, Gene-

ral Gage sent me privately with despatches to Governor Tryon. *He*, Governor Tryon, was aware of your position; and, as I had also to communicate the death of Sir Harry Willoughby, he directed me to come up the river privately, have an interview with Sir John if possible, and then push on, under a feigned name, and communicate with you. He thinks, now Sir William is dead, that with your estate, and new rank, and local influence, you might be very serviceable in sustaining the royal cause; for it is not to be concealed that this affair is likely to take the character of an open and wide-spread revolt against the authority of the Crown."

"General Tryon does me too much honour," answered the captain coldly. "My estate is a small body of wild land; my influence extends little beyond this beaver meadow, and is confined to my own household and some fifteen or twenty labourers; and, as for the *new rank* of which you speak, it is not likely the colonists will care much for *that* if they disregard the rights of the King. Still, you have acted like a son in running the risk you do,

Bob; and I pray God you may get back to your regiment in safety!"

"This is a cordial to my hopes, sir; for nothing would pain me more than to believe you think it my duty, because I was born in the colonies, to throw up my commission and take side with the rebels."

"I do not conceive that to be your duty, any more than I conceive it to be mine to take sides against them, because I happened to be born in England. It is a weak view of moral obligations that confines them merely to the accidents of birth and birth-place. Such a subsequent state of things may have grown up as to change all our duties; and it is necessary that we discharge them as they *are*, not as they may have been hitherto, or may be hereafter. Those who clamour so much about mere birth-place usually have no very clear sense of their higher obligations. Over our birth we can have no control, while we are rigidly responsible for the fulfilment of obligations voluntarily contracted."

"Do you reason thus, captain?" asked the chaplain, with strong interest. "Now, I confess

I *feel* in this matter not only very much like a native American, but very much like a native Yankee in the bargain. You know I was born in the Bay, and—the major must excuse me—but it ill-becomes my cloth to deceive—I hope the major will pardon me—I—I do hope—"

"Speak out, Mr. Woods," said Robert Willoughby, smiling. "*You* have nothing to fear from your old friend the major."

"So I thought—so I thought; well, then, I was glad—yes, really rejoiced at heart, to hear that my countrymen, down-east there, had made the King's troops scamper."

"I am not aware that I used any such terms, sir, in connexion with the manner in which we marched in, after the duty we went out on was performed," returned the young soldier, a little stiffly. "I suppose it is natural for one Yankee to sympathize with another; but my father, Mr. Woods, is an *Old* England, and not a *New* England man, and he may be excused if he feel more for the servants of the Crown."

"Certainly, my dear major—certainly, my dear Mr. Robert—my old pupil, and, I hope, my

friend—all this is true enough, and very natural. I allow Captain Willoughby to wish the best for the King's troops, while I wish the best for my own countrymen."

"This is natural on both sides, out of all question, though it by no means follows that it is right. 'Our country, right or wrong,' is a high-sounding maxim, but it is scarcely the honest man's maxim. Our country, after all, cannot have nearer claims upon us than our parents, for instance; and who can claim a moral right to sustain even his own father in error, injustice, or crime? No, no—I hate your pithy sayings; they commonly mean nothing that is substantially good at bottom."

"But one's country in a time of actual war, sir!" said the major, in a tone of as much remonstrance as habit would allow him to use to his own father.

"Quite true, Bob; but the difficulty here is to know which *is* one's country. It is a family quarrel, at the best; and it will hardly do to talk about foreigners at all. It is the same as if I should treat Maud unkindly or harshly, because she is the child of only a friend,

and not my own natural daughter. As God is my judge, Woods, I am unconscious of not loving Maud Meredith, at this moment, as tenderly as I love Beulah Willoughby. There was a period in her childhood when the playful little witch had most of my heart, I am afraid, if the truth were known. It is use and duty, then, and not mere birth, that ought to tie our hearts."

The major thought it might very well be that one child should be loved more than another, though he did not understand how there could be a divided allegiance. The chaplain looked at the subject with views still more narrowed, and he took up the cudgels of argument in sober earnest, conceiving this to be as good an opportunity as another for disposing of the matter.

"I am all for birth, and blood, and natural ties," he said, "always excepting the peculiar claims of Miss Maud; whose case is *sui generis*, and not to be confounded with any other case. A man can have but one country, any more than he can have but one nature; and, as he is forced to be true to that nature, so ought

he morally to be true to that country. The captain says that it is difficult to determine which is one's country, in a civil war; but I cannot admit the argument. If Massachusetts and England get to blows, Massachusetts is my country; if Suffolk and Worcester counties get into a quarrel, my duty calls me to Worcester, where I was born; and so I should carry out the principle, from country to country, county to county, town to town, parish to parish, or even household to household."

"This is an extraordinary view of one's duty, indeed, my dear Mr. Woods," cried the major, with a good deal of animation; "and, if one-half the household quarrelled with the other, you would take sides with that in which you happened to find yourself at the moment!"

"It is an extraordinary view of one's duty, for a *parson*," observed the captain. "Let us reason backward a little, and ascertain where we shall come out. You put the head of the household out of the question. Has he no claims? Is a father to be altogether overlooked in the struggle between the children? Are his laws to be broken, his rights invaded, or his

person to be maltreated, perhaps, and his curse disregarded, because a set of unruly children get by the ears on points connected with their own selfishness?"

"I give up the household," cried the chaplain, "for the Bible settles that; and what the Bible disposes of, is beyond dispute: 'Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee,' are terrible words, and must not be disobeyed. But the Decalogue has not another syllable which touches the question. 'Thou shalt not kill,' means murder only—common, vulgar murder; and 'Thou shalt not steal'—'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' &c. don't bear on civil war, as I see. 'Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy'—'Thou shalt not covet the ox nor the ass'—'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain'—none of these, not one of them, bears at all on this question."

"What do you think of the words of the Saviour, where he tells us to 'render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's?' Has Cæsar no rights here? Can Massachusetts and my Lord

North settle their quarrels in such a manner as to put Cæsar altogether out of view?"

The chaplain looked down a moment, pondered a little, and then he came up to the attack again with renewed ardour.

"Cæsar is out of the question here. If his Majesty will come and take sides with us, we shall be ready to honour and obey him; but, if he choose to remain alienated from us, it is his act, not ours."

"This is a new mode of settling allegiance! If Cæsar will do as we wish, he shall still be Cæsar; but if he refuse to do as we wish, then down with Cæsar. I am an old soldier, Woods; and, while I feel that this question has two sides to it, my disposition to reverence and honour the King is still strong."

The major appeared delighted, and, finding matters going on so favourably, he pleaded fatigue and withdrew, feeling satisfied that, if his father fairly got into a warm discussion, taking the loyal side of the question, he would do more to confirm himself in the desired views than could be effected by any other means. By this time the disputants were so warm as scarcely to notice

the disappearance of the young man, the argument proceeding.

The subject is too hackneyed, and, indeed, possesses too little interest, to induce us to give more than an outline of what passed. The captain and the chaplain belonged to that class of friends which may be termed argumentative. Their constant discussions were a strong link in the chain of esteem; for they had a tendency to enliven their solitude, and to give a zest to lives which, without them, would have been exceedingly monotonous. Their ordinary subjects were theology and war; the chaplain having some practical knowledge of the last, and the captain a lively disposition to the first. In these discussions the clergyman was good-natured, and the soldier polite; circumstances that tended to render them far more agreeable to the listeners than they might otherwise have proved.

On the present occasion, the chaplain rang the changes diligently on the natural feelings, while his friend spoke most of the higher duties. The *ad captandum* part of the argument, oddly enough, fell to the share of the minister of the church; while the intellectual, discriminating,

and really logical portion of the subject was handled by one trained in garrisons and camps, with a truth, both of ethics and reason, that would have done credit to a drilled casuist. The war of words continued till past midnight; both disputants soon getting back to their pipes, carrying on the conflict amid a smoke that did no dishonour to such a well-contested field. Leaving the captain and his friend thus intently engaged, we will take one or two glimpses into different parts of the house, before we cause all our characters to retire for the night.

About the time the battle in the library was at its height, Mrs. Willoughby was alone in her room, having disposed of all the cares, and most of the duties, of the day. The mother's heart was filled with a calm delight which it would have been difficult for herself to describe. All she held most dear on earth,—her husband, her kind-hearted, faithful, long-loved husband; her noble son, the pride and joy of her heart; Beulah, her own natural-born daughter, the mild, tractable, sincere, true-hearted child that so much resembled herself; and Maud, the adopted, one rendered dear by solicitude and tenderness, and now

so fondly beloved on her own account,—were all with her, beneath her own roof, almost within the circle of her arms. The Hutted Knoll was no longer a solitude; the manor was not a wilderness to *her;* for, where her heart was, there truly was her treasure also. After passing a few minutes in silent but delightful thought, this excellent, guileless woman knelt, and poured out her soul in thanksgivings to the Being who had surrounded her lot with so many blessings. Alas! little did she suspect the extent, duration, and direful nature of the evils which, at that very moment, were pending over her native country, or the pains that her own affectionate heart was to endure! The major had not suffered a whisper of the real nature of his errand to escape him, except to his father and the chaplain; and we will now follow him to his apartment, and pass a minute, *tête-à-tête*, with the young soldier, ere he too lays his head on his pillow.

A couple of neat rooms were prepared and furnished, which were held sacred to the uses of the heir. They were known to the whole household, black and white, as the "young captain's quarters;" and even Maud called them, in

her laughing off-handedness, "Bob's Sanctum." Here, then, the major found everything as he had left it on his last visit, a twelvemonth before; and some few things that were strangers to him, in the bargain. In that day, toilets covered with muslin, more or less worked and ornamented, were a regular appliance of every bed-room of a better-class house throughout America. The more modern "Duchesses," "Psychés," "dressing-tables," &c. &c., of our own extravagant and benefit-of-the-act-taking generation, were then unknown; a moderately-sized glass, surrounded by curved, gilded ornaments, hanging against the wall, above the said muslin-covered table, quite as a matter of law, if not of domestic faith.

As soon as the major had set down his candle, he looked about him, as one recognises old friends, pleased at renewing his acquaintance with so many dear and cherished objects. The very playthings of his childhood were there; and even a beautiful and long-used hoop was embellished with ribbons, by some hand unknown to himself. "Can this be my mother?" thought the young man, approaching to examine the well-remembered hoop, which he had never found so honoured

before; "can my kind, tender-hearted mother, who never will forget that I am no longer a child, can she have really done this? I must laugh at her to-morrow about it, even while I kiss and bless her." Then he turned to the toilet, where stood a basket filled with different articles, which at once he understood were offerings to himself. Never had he visited the Hut without finding such a basket in his room at night. It was a tender proof how truly and well he was remembered in his absence.

"Ah!" thought the major, as he opened a bundle of knit lamb's-wool stockings, "here is my dear mother again, with her thoughts about damp feet, and the exposure of service. And a dozen shirts, too, with "Beulah" pinned on one of them—how the deuce does the dear girl suppose that I am to carry away such a stock of linen, without even a horse to ease me of a bundle? My kit would be like that of the commander-in-chief, were I to take away all that these dear relatives design for me. What 's this? —a purse! a handsome silken purse, too, with Beulah's name on it! Has Maud nothing here? Why has Maud forgotten me? Ruffles, hand-

kerchiefs, garters — yes, here is a pair of my good mother's own knitting, but nothing of Maud's. — Ha! what have we here? As I live, a beautiful silken scarf — netted in a way to make a whole regiment envious. Can this have been bought, or has it been the work of a twelvemonth? No name on it, either. Would my father have done this? Perhaps it is one of his old scarfs: if so, it is an old *new* one, for I do not think it has ever been worn. I must inquire into this in the morning.—I wonder there is nothing of Maud's!"

As the major laid aside his presents, he kissed the scarf; and then — I regret to say, without saying *his* prayers — the young man went to bed.

The scene must now be transferred to the room where the sisters—in affection, if not in blood—were about to seek their pillows also. Maud, ever the quickest and most prompt in her movements, was already in her night-clothes; and, wrapping a shawl about herself, was seated waiting for Beulah to finish her nightly orisons. It was not long before the latter rose from her knees, and then our heroine spoke.

"The major must have examined the basket

by this time," she cried, her cheek rivalling the tint of a riband it leaned against, on the back of the chair. "I heard his heavy tramp—tramp—tramp—as he went to his room.—How differently these men walk from us girls, Beulah!"

"They do, indeed; and Bob has got to be so large and heavy now, that he quite frightens me sometimes. Do you not think he grows wonderfully like papa?"

"I do not see it. He wears his own hair; and it 's a pity he should ever cut it off, it 's so handsome and curling. Then he is taller, but lighter; has more colour; is so much younger, and every way so different, I wonder you think so. I do not think him in the least like father."

"Well, that is odd, Maud. Both mother and myself were struck with the resemblance this evening, and we were both delighted to see it. Papa is quite handsome, and so I think is Bob. Mother says he is not *quite* as handsome as father was at his age; but *so* like him, it is surprising!"

"Men may be handsome, and not alike. Father is certainly one of the handsomest elderly men of my acquaintance; and the major is so-so-

ish: but I wonder you can think a man of seven-and-twenty so *very* like one of sixty-odd. Bob tells me he can play the flute quite readily now, Beulah."

"I dare say; he does everything he undertakes uncommonly well. Mr. Woods said, a few days since, he had never met with a boy who was quicker at his mathematics."

"Oh! all Mr. Woods' geese are swans. I dare say there have been other boys who were quite as clever. I do not believe in *non-pareils*, Beulah."

"You surprise me, Maud — you, whom I always supposed such a friend of Bob's! He thinks everything *you* do, too, so perfect! Now, this very evening he was looking at the sketch you have made of the Knoll, and he protested he did not know a regular artist, in England even, who would have done it better."

Maud stole a glance at her sister, while the latter was speaking, from under her cap, and her cheeks now fairly put the riband to shame; but her smile was still saucy and wilful.

"Oh, nonsense!" she said; "Bob 's no

judge of drawings. *He* scarcely knows a tree from a horse!"

"I 'm surprised to hear you say so, Maud," said the generous-minded and affectionate Beulah, who could see no imperfection in Bob; "and that of your brother! When he taught *you* to draw, you thought him well skilled as an artist."

"Did I?—I dare say I 'm a capricious creature. But, somehow, I don't regard Bob just as I used to do. He has been away from us so much of late, you know—and the army makes men so formidable—and, they are not like us, you know—and, altogether, I think Bob excessively changed."

"Well, I 'm glad mamma don't hear this, Maud. She looks upon her son, now he is a major, and twenty-seven, just as she used to look upon him when he was in petticoats; nay, I think she considers us all exactly as so many little children."

"She is a dear, good mother, I know," said Maud with emphasis, tears starting to her eyes involuntarily, almost *impetuously:* "whatever she says, does, wishes, hopes, or thinks, is right."

"Oh! I knew you would come to, as soon as there was a question about mother. Well, for my part, I have no such horror of men as not to feel just as much tenderness for father or brother as I feel for mamma herself."

"Not for Bob, Beulah. Tenderness for Bob! Why, my dear sister, that is feeling tenderness for a *Major of Foot*, a very different thing from feeling it for one's mother. As for papa—dear me, he is glorious, and I do *so* love him!"

"You ought, Maud; for you were, and I am not certain that you are not at this moment, *his* darling."

It was odd that this was said without the least thought, on the part of the speaker, that Maud was not her natural sister; that, in fact, she was not in the least degree related to her by blood. But so closely and judiciously had Captain and Mrs. Willoughby managed the affair of their adopted child, that neither they themselves, Beulah, nor the inmates of the family or household, ever thought of her but as of a real daughter of her nominal parents. As for Beulah, her feelings were so simple and sincere, that they were even beyond the ordinary considerations of delicacy,

and she took precisely the same liberties with her titular, as she would have done with a natural sister. Maud alone, of all in the Hut, remembered her birth, and submitted to some of its most obvious consequences. As respects the captain, the idea never crossed her mind that she was adopted by him; as respects her mother, she filled to her, in every sense, that sacred character; Beulah, too, was a sister, in thought and deed; but Bob, he had so changed, had been so many years separated from her, had once actually called her Miss Meredith—somehow, she knew not how herself—it was fully six years since she had begun to remember that *he* was not her brother.

"As for my father," said Maud, rising with emotion and speaking with startling emphasis, "I will not say I *love* him; I *worship* him."

"Ah! I know that well enough, Maud; and, to say the truth, you are a couple of idolaters between you. Mamma says this sometimes; though she owns she is not jealous. But it would pain her excessively to hear that you do not feel towards Bob just as we all feel."

"But ought I? Beulah, I cannot!"

"Ought you!—Why not, Maud? Are you in your senses, child?"

"But—you know—I 'm sure—you ought to remember—"

"*What?*" demanded Beulah, really frightened at the other's excessive agitation.

"That I am *not* his real—true—*born* sister!"

This was the first time in their lives that either had ever alluded to the fact in the other's presence. Beulah turned pale; she trembled all over, as if in an ague; then she luckily burst into tears, else she might have fainted.

"Beulah! my sister, my *own* sister!" cried Maud, throwing herself into the arms of the distressed girl.

"Ah! Maud, you *are*, you *shall* for ever be, my only, only sister!"

CHAPTER VI.

Oh ! it is great for our country to die, where ranks are contending !
Bright is the wreath of our fame ; glory awaits us for aye —
Glory, that never is dim, shining on with light never ending —
Glory, that never shall fade, never, Oh ! never, away !
PERCIVAL.

NOTWITHSTANDING the startling intelligence that had so unexpectedly reached it, and the warm polemical conflict that had been carried on within its walls, the night passed peacefully over the roof of the Hutted Knoll. At the return of dawn, the two Plinies, both the Smashes, and all the menials were again afoot ; and, ere long, Mike, Saucy Nick, Joel, and the rest were seen astir in the open fields, or on the margin of the woods. Cattle were fed, cows milked, fires lighted, and everything pursued its course in the order of May. The three wenches, as female

negroes were then termed, *ex officio*, in America, opened their throats, as was usual at that hour, and were heard singing at their labours, in a way nearly to deaden the morning carols of the tenants of the forest. Mari', in particular, would have drowned the roar of Niagara. The captain used to call her his clarion.

In due time, the superiors of the household made their appearance. Mrs. Willoughby was the first out of her room, as was ever the case when there was anything to be done. On the present occasion, the "fatted calf" was to be killed; not in honour of the return of a prodigal son, however, but in behalf of one who was the pride of her eyes, and the joy of her heart. The breakfast that she ordered was just the sort of breakfast that one must visit America to witness. France can set forth a very scientific *déjeûner à la fourchette*, and England has laboured and ponderous imitations; but, for the spontaneous, superabundant, unsophisticated, natural, all-sufficing and all-subduing morning's meal, take America, in a better-class house in the country, and you reach the *ne plus ultra* in that sort of thing. Tea, coffee, and chocolate, of which the

first and last were excellent, and the second respectable; ham, fish, eggs, toast, cakes, rolls, marmalades, &c. &c. &c., were thrown together in noble confusion; frequently occasioning the guest, as Mr. Woods naïvely confessed, an utter confusion of mind as to which he was to attack, when all were inviting and each would be welcome.

Leaving Mrs. Willoughby in deep consultation with Mari' on the subject of this feast, we will next look after the two sweet girls whom we so abruptly deserted in the last chapter. When Maud's glowing cheeks were first visible that morning, signs of tears might have been discovered on them, as the traces of the dew are found on the leaf of the rose; but they completely vanished under the duties of the toilet, and she came forth from her chamber bright and cloudless as the glorious May-morning, which had returned to cheer the solitude of the manor. Beulah followed, tranquil, bland, and mild as the day itself, the living image of the purity of soul and deep affections of her honest nature.

The sisters went into the breakfast-room, where they had little lady-like offices of their own to

discharge, too, in honour of the guest; each employing herself in decorating the table, and in seeing that it wanted nothing in the proprieties. As their pleasing tasks were fulfilled, the discourse did not flag between them. Nothing, however, had been said, that made the smallest allusion to the conversation of the past night. Neither felt any wish to revive that subject; and, as for Maud, bitterly did she regret ever having broached it. At times, her cheeks burned with blushes as she recalled her words; and yet she scarcely knew the reason why. The feeling of Beulah was different. She wondered her sister could ever think she was a Meredith, and not a Willoughby. At times she feared that some unfortunate oversight of her own, some careless allusion or indiscreet act, might have served to remind Maud of the circumstances of her real birth. Yet there was nothing in the last likely to awaken unpleasant reflections, apart from the circumstance that she was not truly a child of the family into which she had been transplanted. The Merediths were at least as honourable a family as the Willoughbys, in the ordinary worldly view of the matter. Nor was Maud by

any means a dependant in the way of money. Five thousand pounds, in the English funds, had been settled on her by the marriage articles of her parents; and twenty years of careful husbanding, during which every shilling had been scrupulously devoted to accumulation, had quite doubled the original amount. So far from being penniless, therefore, Maud's fortune was often alluded to by the captain in a jocular way, as if purposely to remind her that she had the means of independence, and duties connected with it. It is true, Maud herself had no suspicion that she had been educated altogether by her "father," and that her own money had not been used for this purpose. To own the truth, she thought little about it; knew little about it, beyond the fact that she had a fortune of her own, into the possession of which she must step when she attained her majority. How she came by it, even, was a question she never asked; though there were moments when tender regrets and affectionate melancholy would come over her heart, as she thought of her natural parents, and of their early deaths. Still, Maud implicitly reposed on the captain and Mrs. Willoughby as on a father and

mother; and it was not owing to *them*, or anything connected with their love, treatment, words, or thoughts, that she was reminded that they were not so in very fact, as well as in tenderness.

"Bob will think *you* made these plum sweetmeats, Beulah," said Maud, with a saucy smile, as she placed a glass plate on the table; "he never thinks I *can* make anything of this sort: and, as he is so fond of plums, he will be certain to taste them; then *you* will come in for the praise!"

"You appear to think that *praise* he must. Perhaps he may not fancy them good."

"If I thought so, I would take them away this instant," cried Maud, standing in the attitude of one in doubt. "Bob does *not* think much of such things in girls, for he says ladies need not be cooks; and yet, when one *does* make a thing of this sort, one would certainly like to have it *well* made."

"Set your heart at ease, Maud; the plums are delicious—much the best we ever had, and we are rather famous for them, you know. I'll answer for it, Bob will pronounce them the best he has ever tasted."

"And, if he shouldn't, why should I care—that is, not *very much*—about it? You know they are the first I ever made, and one may be permitted to fail on a first effort. Besides, a man *may* go to England, and see fine sights, and live in great houses, and all that, and not understand when he has good plum sweetmeats before him, and when bad. I dare say there are many *colonels* in the army who are ignorant on this point."

Beulah laughed, and admitted the truth of the remark; though, in her secret mind, she had almost persuaded herself that Bob knew everything.

"Do you not think our brother improved in appearance, Maud?" she asked, after a short pause. "The visit to England has done him that service, at least."

"I do not see it, Beulah; I see no change. To me, Bob is just the same to-day that he has ever been; that is, ever since he grew to be a man: with boys, of course, it is different. Ever since he was made a captain, I mean."

As Major Willoughby had reached that rank the day he was one-and-twenty, the reader can

understand the precise date when Maud began to take her present views of his appearance and character.

"I am surprised to hear you say so, Maud! Papa says he is better 'set up,' as he calls it, by his English drill, and that he looks altogether more like a soldier than he did."

"Bob has always had a martial look!" cried Maud quickly; "he got that in garrison, when a boy."

"If so, I hope he may never lose it!" said the subject of the remark himself, who had entered the room unperceived, and overheard this speech. "Being a soldier, one would wish to look like what one is, my little critic."

The kiss that followed, and that given to Beulah, were no more than the usual morning salutations of a brother to his sisters, slight touches of rosy cheeks: and yet Maud blushed; for, as she said to herself, she had been taken by surprise.

"They say listeners never hear good of themselves," answered Maud, with a vivacity that betokened confusion. "Had you come a minute

sooner, Master Bob, it might have been an advantage."

"Oh! Beulah's remarks I do not fear; so long as I get off unscathed from yours, Miss Maud, I shall think myself a lucky fellow. But what has brought me and my training into discussion this morning?"

"It is natural for sisters to speak about their brother after so long—"

"Tell him nothing about it, Beulah," interrupted Maud. "Let him listen, and eavesdrop, and find out as he may, if he would learn our secrets. There, Major Willoughby, I hope that is a promise of a breakfast which will satisfy even your military appetite!"

"It looks well, indeed, Maud; and there, I perceive, are some of Beulah's excellent plums, of which I am so fond. I know they were made especially for me; and I must kiss you, sister, for this proof of remembrance."

Beulah, to whose simple mind it seemed injustice to appropriate credit that belonged to another, was about to tell the truth; but an imploring gesture from her sister induced

her to smile, and receive the salute in silence.

"Has any one seen Captain Willoughby and Parson Woods this morning?" inquired the major. "I left them desperately engaged in discussion, and I really feel some apprehension as to the remains left on the field of battle."

"Here they both come," cried Maud, glad to find the discourse taking so complete a change; "and there is mamma, followed by Pliny, to tell Beulah to take her station at the coffee, while I go to the chocolate, leaving the tea to the only hand that can make it so that my father will drink it."

The parties mentioned entered the room in the order named; the usual salutations followed, and all took their seats at table. Captain Willoughby was silent and thoughtful at first, leaving his son to rattle on, in a way that betokened care in his view of the matter, quite as much as it betokened light-heartedness in those of his mother and sisters. The chaplain was rather more communicative than his friend; but he, too, seemed restless, and desirous of arriving at some point that was not likely to come upper-

most in such a family party. At length the impulses of Mr. Woods got the better of his discretion even, and he could conceal his thoughts no longer.

"Captain Willoughby," he said, in a sort of apologetic and yet simple and natural manner, "I have done little since we parted, seven hours since, but think of the matter under discussion."

"If you have, my dear Woods, there has been a strong sympathy between us; I have scarcely slept. I may say, I have thought of nothing else myself, and am glad you have broached the subject again."

"I was about to say, my worthy sir, that reflection, and my pillow, and your sound and admirable arguments, have produced an entire change in my sentiments. I think, now, altogether with you."

"The devil you do, Woods!" cried the captain, looking up from his bit of dry toast in astonishment. "Why, my dear fellow, this is odd—excessively odd, if the truth must be said. To own the real state of the case, chaplain, you have won *me* over, and I was just

about to make proper acknowledgments of your victory."

It need scarcely be added, that the rest of the company were not a little amazed at these cross-concessions, while Maud was exceedingly amused. As for Mrs. Willoughby, nothing laughable ever occurred in connection with her husband; and then she would as soon think of assailing the Church itself, as of ridiculing one of its ministers. Beulah could see nothing but what was right in her father, at least; and, as for the major, he felt too much concerned at this unexpected admission of his father's to perceive anything but the error.

"Have you not overlooked the injunction of Scripture, my excellent friend?" rejoined the chaplain. "Have you left to the rights of Cæsar all their weight and authority? 'The king's name is a tower of strength.'"

"Have not you, Woods, forgotten the superior claims of reason and right over those of accident and birth—that man is to be considered as a reasoning being, to be governed by principles and ever-varying facts, and not a mere animal

left to the control of an instinct that perishes with its usefulness ?"

"What *can* they mean, mother ?" whispered Maud, scarce able to repress the laughter that came so easily to one with a keen sense of the ludicrous.

"They have been arguing about the right of parliament to tax the colonies, I believe, my dear, and *over-persuaded* each other, that's all. It *is* odd, Robert, that Mr. Woods should convert your father."

"No, my dearest mother, it is something even more serious than that." By this time the disputants, who sat opposite each other, were fairly launched into the discussion again, and heeded nothing that passed. "No, dearest mother, it is far worse than even *that*.—Pliny, tell my man to brush the hunting-jacket—and see that he has his breakfast in good style; he is a grumbling rascal, and will give the house a bad character else. You need not come back until we ring for you.—Yes, mother,—yes, dearest girls,—this is a far more serious matter than you suppose, though it ought not to be mentioned idly among the people.

God knows how they may take it—and bad news flies swiftly enough of itself."

"Merciful Providence!" exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby. "What *can* you mean, my son?"

"I mean, mother, that civil war has actually commenced in the colonies, and that the people of your blood and race are in open arms against the people of my father's native country—in a word, against me."

"How can that be, Robert? Who would *dare* to strike a blow against the King?"

"When men get excited, and their passions are once inflamed, they will do much, my mother, that they might not dream of else."

"This must be a mistake! Some evil-disposed person has told you this, Robert, knowing your attachment to the Crown."

"I wish it were so, dear madam; but my own eyes have seen—I may say my own flesh has felt, the contrary."

The major then related what had happened, letting his auditors into the secret of the true state of the country. It is scarcely necessary to allude to the degree of consternation and pain

with which he was heard, or to the grief which succeeded.

"You spoke of yourself, dear Bob," said Maud naturally, and with strong feeling. "*You* were not hurt in this cruel, cruel battle?"

"I ought not to have mentioned it, although I did certainly receive a smart contusion—nothing more, I assure you—here in the shoulder, and it now scarcely inconveniences me."

By this time all were listening, curiosity and interest having silenced even the disputants, especially as this was the first they had heard of the major's casualty. Then neither felt the zeal which had warmed him in the previous contest, but was better disposed to turn aside from its pursuit.

"I hope it did not send you to the rear, Bob?" anxiously inquired the father.

"I *was* in the rear, sir, when I got the hurt," answered the major, laughing. "The rear is the post of honour on a retreat, you know, my dear father; and I believe our march scarce deserves another name."

"That is hard, too, on King's troops! What sort of fellows had you to oppose, my son?"

"A rather intrusive set, sir. Their object was to persuade us to go into Boston as fast as possible; and it was a little difficult at times not to listen to their arguments. If my Lord Percy had not come out with a strong party, and two pieces of artillery, we might not have stood it much longer. Our men were fagged like hunted deer, and the day proved oppressively hot."

"Artillery, too!" exclaimed the captain, his military pride reviving a little, to unsettle his last convictions of duty. "Did you open your columns, and charge your enemies in line?"

"It would have been charging air. No sooner did we halt, than our foes dispersed; or, no sooner did we renew the march, than every line of wall along our route became a line of hostile muskets. I trust you will do us justice, sir;—you know the regiments, and can scarce think they misbehaved."

"British troops seldom do that; although I have known it happen. No men, however, are usually more steady; and then these provincials are formidable as skirmishers. In that character, I know *them*, too. What has been the effect of all this on the country, Bob? You told us

something of it last night; complete the history."

"The provinces are in a tumult. As for New England, a flame of fire could scarce be more devastating; though I think this colony is less excited. Still, here, men are arming in thousands."

"Dear me, dear me!" ejaculated the peacefully inclined chaplain, "that human beings can thus be inclined to self-destruction!"

"Is Tryon active? What do the royal authorities all this time?"

"Of course they neglect nothing feasible; but they must principally rely on the loyalty and influence of the gentry, until succour can arrive from Europe. If *that* fail them, their difficulties will be much increased."

Captain Willoughby understood his son; he glanced towards his unconscious wife, as if to see how far she felt with him.

"Our own families are divided, of course, much as they have been in the previous discussions," he added. "The De Lanceys, Van Cortlandts, Philipses, Bayards, and most of that town connection, with a large portion of the

Long Island families, I should think, are with the Crown; while the Livingstons, Morrises, Schuylers, Rensselaers, and their friends, go with the colony. Is not this the manner in which they are divided?"

"With some limitations, sir. All the De Lanceys, with most of their strong connections and influence, are with *us*—with the *King*, I mean; while all the Livingstons and Morrises are against us. The other families are divided—as with the Cortlandts, Schuylers, and Rensselaers. It is fortunate for the Patroon that he is a boy."

"Why so, Bob?" asked the captain, looking inquiringly up at his son.

"Simply, sir, that his great estate may not be confiscated. So many of his near connections are against us, that he could hardly escape the contamination; and the consequences would be inevitable."

"Do you consider that so certain, sir? As there are two sides to the question, may there not be two results to the war?"

"I think not, sir. England is no power to be defied by colonies insignificant as these."

"This is well enough for a King's officer, Major Willoughby; but all large bodies of men are formidable when they are right, and nations —these colonies are a nation in extent and number—are not so easily put down, when the spirit of liberty is up and doing among them."

The major listened to his father with pain and wonder. The captain spoke earnestly, and there was a flush about his fine countenance that gave it sternness and authority. Unused to debate with his father, especially when the latter was in such a mood, the son remained silent; though his mother, who was thoroughly loyal in her heart,—meaning loyal as applied to a sovereign,—and who had the utmost confidence in her husband's tenderness and consideration for herself, was not so scrupulous.

"Why, Willoughby," she cried, "you really incline to rebellion! I, even I, who was born in the colonies, think them very wrong to resist their anointed King and sovereign Prince."

"Ah, Wilhelmina," answered the captain more mildly, "you have a true colonist's admiration of *home*. But I was old enough when I left England to appreciate what I saw and

knew, and cannot feel all this provincial admiration."

"But surely, my dear captain, England is a very great country," interrupted the chaplain, "a prodigious country,—one that can claim all our respect and love. Look at the Church now, the purified continuation of the ancient visible authority of Christ on earth! It is the consideration of this Church which has subdued my natural love of birth-place, and altered my sentiments."

"All very true, and all very well, in *your* mouth, chaplain; yet even the visible Church may err. This doctrine of Divine right would have kept the Stuarts on the throne; and it is not even English doctrine, much less, then, need it be American. I am no Cromwellian, no republican, who wishes to oppose the throne in order to destroy it. A good king is a good thing, and a prodigious blessing to a country; still, a people needs look to its political privileges, if it wish to preserve them. You and I will discuss this matter another time, parson. There will be plenty of opportunities," he added, rising, and smiling good-humouredly;

"I must now call my people together, and let them know this news. It is not fair to conceal a civil war."

"My dear sir!" exclaimed the major in concern, "are you not wrong? — precipitate, I mean. Is it not better to preserve the secret, to give yourself time for reflection — to await events? I can discover no necessity for this haste. Should you see things differently hereafter, an incautious word uttered at this moment might bring much motive for regret."

"I have thought of all this, Bob, during the night—for hardly did I close my eyes—and you cannot change my purpose. It is honest to let my people know how matters stand; and, so far from being hazardous, as you seem to think, I consider it wise. God knows what time will bring forth; but, in every or any event, fair-dealing can scarcely injure him who practises it. I have already sent directions to have the whole settlement collected on the lawn at the ringing of the bell, and I expect every moment we shall hear the summons."

Against this decision there was no appeal. Mild and indulgent as the captain habitually

was, his authority was not to be disputed when he chose to exercise it. Some doubts arose, and the father participated in them for a moment, as to what might be the effect on the major's fortunes; for, should a very patriotic spirit arise among the men,—two-thirds of whom were native Americans, and, what was more, from the eastern colonies,—he might be detained, or at least betrayed on his return, and delivered into the hands of the revolted authorities. This was a very serious consideration, and it detained the captain in the house some time after the people were assembled, debating the chances in the bosom of his own family.

"We exaggerate the danger," the captain at length exclaimed. "Most of these men have been with me for years, and I know not one among them who I think would wish to injure me, or even you, my son, in this way. There is far more danger in attempting to deceive them than in making them confidants. I will go out and tell the truth; then we shall, at least, have the security of self-approbation. If you escape the danger of being sold by Nick, my son, I think you have little to fear from any other."

"By Nick!" repeated half-a-dozen voices in surprise. "Surely, father—surely, Willoughby —surely, my dear captain, you cannot suspect so old and tried a follower as the Tuscarora!"

"Ay! he is an *old* follower certainly, and he has been *punished* often enough, if he has not been *tried*. I have never suffered my distrust of that fellow to go to sleep; it is unsafe with an Indian, unless you have a strong hold on his gratitude."

"But, Willoughby, he it was who found this manor for us," rejoined the wife. "Without him we should never have been the owners of this lovely place, this beaver-dam, and all else that we so much enjoy."

"True, my dear; and without good golden guineas we should not have had Nick."

"But, sir, I pay as liberally as he can wish," observed the major. "If bribes will buy him, mine are as good as another's."

"We shall see: under actual circumstances, I think we shall be in every respect safer by keeping nothing back than by telling all to the people."

The captain now put on his hat, and issued

through the undefended gate-way, followed by every individual of his family. As the summons had been general, when the Willoughbys and the chaplain appeared on the lawn, every living soul of that isolated settlement, even to infants in the arms, was collected there. The captain commanded the profound respect of all his dependants, though a few among them did not love him. The fault was not his, however, but was inherent rather in the untoward characters of the disaffected themselves. His habits of authority were unsuited to their habits of a presuming equality, perhaps; and it is impossible for the comparatively powerful and affluent to escape the envy and repinings of men who, unable to draw the real distinctions that separate the gentleman from the low-minded and grovelling, impute their advantages to accidents and money. But even the few who permitted this malign and corrupting tendency to influence their feelings could not deny that their master was just and benevolent, though he did not always exhibit this justice and benevolence precisely in the way best calculated to soothe their own craving self-love, and exaggerated notions

of assumed natural claims. In a word, Captain Willoughby, in the eyes of a few unquiet and bloated imaginations among his people, was obnoxious to the imputation of pride; and this because he saw and felt the consequences of education, habits, manners, opinions, and sentiments that were hidden from those who not only had no perception of their existence, but who had no knowledge whatever of the qualities that brought them into being. Pope's familiar line of "What can we reason but from what we know?" is peculiarly applicable to persons of this class; who are ever for dragging all things down to standards created by their own ignorance; and who, slaves of the basest and meanest passions, reason as if they were possessors of all the knowledge, sensibilities, and refinements of their own country and times. Of this class of men comes the ordinary demagogue, a wretch equally incapable of setting an example of any of the higher qualities in his own person or practice, and of appreciating it when exhibited by others. Such men abound under all systems where human liberty is highly privileged, being the moral *fungi* of freedom, as the rankest weeds

are known to be the troublesome and baneful productions of the richest soils.

It was no unusual thing for the people of the Hutted Knoll to be collected in the manner we have described. We are writing of a period which the present enlightened generation is apt to confound with the darker ages of American knowledge, in much that relates to social usages at least; though it escaped the long-buried wisdom of the Mormon Bible, and Miller's interpretations of the prophecies. In that day men were not so silly as to attempt to appear always wise, but some of the fêtes and festivals of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors were still tolerated among us; the all-absorbing and all-*swallowing* jubilee of "Independence-day" not having yet overshadowed everything else in the shape of a holiday. Now, Captain Willoughby had brought with him to the colonies the love of festivals, which is so much more prevalent in the Old World than in the New; and it was by no means an uncommon thing for him to call his people together, to make merry on a birth-day, or the anniversary of some battle in which he had been one of the victors. When he appeared on

the lawn on the present occasion, therefore, it was expected that he was about to meet them with some such announcement.

The inhabitants of the manor, or the estate of the Hutted Knoll, might be divided into three great physical, and we might add moral categories, or races, viz.: the Anglo-Saxon; the Dutch, both high and low; and the African. The first was the most numerous, including the families of the millers, most of the mechanics, and that of Joel Strides, the land-overseer; the second was composed chiefly of labourers; and the last were exclusively household servants, with the exception of one of the Plinies, who was a ploughman, though permitted to live with his kinsfolk in the Hut. These divisions, Maud, in one of her merry humours, had nick-named the three tribes; while her father, to make the enumeration complete, had classed the serjeant, Mike, and Jamie Allen as supernumeraries.

The three tribes, and the three supernumeraries, then, were all collected on the lawn as the captain and his family approached. By a sort of secret instinct, too, they had divided themselves

into knots, the Dutch keeping a little aloof from the Yankees; and the blacks, almost as a matter of religion, standing a short distance in the rear, as became people of their colour, and slaves. Mike and Jamie, however, had got a sort of neutral position, between the two great divisions of the whites, as if equally indifferent to their dissensions or antipathies. In this manner all parties stood, impatiently awaiting an announcement that had been so long delayed. The captain advanced to the front, and removing his hat,—a ceremony he always observed on similar occasions, and which had the effect to make his listeners imitate his own courtesy,—he addressed the crowd.

"When people live together in a wilderness like this," commenced the captain, "there ought to be no secrets among them, my friends, in matters that touch the common interests. We are like men on a remote island,—a sort of colony of our own; and we must act fairly and frankly towards each other. In this spirit, then, I am now about to lay before you all that I know myself concerning an affair of the last importance to the colonies, and to the empire." Here Joel pricked

up his ears, and cast a knowing glance at "the miller," a countryman and early neighbour of his own, who had charge of the grinding for the settlement, and who went by that appellation *par excellence!* "You all know," continued the captain, "that there have been serious difficulties between the colonies and parliament, now, for more than ten years; difficulties which have been, once or twice, partially settled, but which have as often broken out, in some new shape, as soon as an old quarrel was adjusted."

Here the captain paused a moment; and Joel, who was the usual spokesman of "the people," took an occasion to put a question.

"The captain means, I s'pose," he said, in a sly, half-honest, half-jesuitical manner, "the right of parliament to tax us Americans, without our own consent, or our having any members in their leg*yslatoore?*"

"I mean what you say. The tax on tea, the shutting the port of Boston, and other steps, have brought larger bodies of the King's troops among us than have been usual. Boston, as you probably know, has had a strong garrison, now, for some months. About six weeks since, the

commander-in-chief sent a detachment out as far as Concord, in New Hampshire, to destroy certain stores. This detachment had a meeting with the minute-men, and blood was drawn. A running fight ensued, in which several hundreds have been killed and wounded; and I think I know both sides sufficiently well to predict that a long and bloody civil war is begun. These are facts you should know, and accordingly I tell them to you."

This simple, but explicit, account was received very differently by the different listeners. Joel Strides leaned forward with intense interest, so as not to lose a syllable. Most of the New Englanders, or Yankees, paid great attention, and exchanged meaning glances with each other when the captain had got through. As for Mike," he grasped a shillelah that he habitually carried when not at work, looking round, as if waiting for orders from the captain on whom to begin. Jamie was thoughtful and grave, and, once or twice, as the captain proceeded, he scratched his head in doubt. The Dutch seemed curious, but bewildered, gaping at each other like men who might make up their minds if you would give

them time, but who certainly had not yet. As for the blacks, their eyes began to open like saucers when they heard of the quarrel; when it got to the blows, their mouths were all grinning with the delight of a thing so exciting. At the mention of the number of the dead, however, something like awe passed over them, and changed their countenances to dismay. Nick alone was indifferent. By the cold apathy of his manner, the captain saw at once that the battle of Lexington had not been a secret to the Tuscarora when he commenced his own account. As the captain always encouraged a proper familiarity in his dependants, he now told them he was ready to answer any questions they might think expedient to put to him, in gratification of their natural curiosity.

"I s'pose this news comes by the major?" asked Joel.

"You may well suppose that, Strides. My son is here, and we have no other means of getting it."

"Will your honour be wishful that we shoulther our firearms, and go out and fight one of them sides, or t'other?" demanded Mike

"I wish nothing of the sort, O'Hearn. It will be time enough for us to take a decided part when we get better ideas of what is really going on."

"Doesn't the captain, then, think matters have got far enough towards a head for the Americans to make up their minds conclusively, as it might be?" put in Joel, in his very worst manner.

"I think it will be wiser for us all to remain where we are, and *as* we are. Civil war is a serious matter, Strides, and no man should rush blindly into its dangers and difficulties."

Joel looked at the miller, and the miller looked at Joel. Neither said anything, however, at the time. Jamie Allen had been *out* in the "forty-five," when thirty years younger than he was that day; and, though he had his predilections and antipathies, circumstances had taught him prudence.

"Will the pairliament, think ye, no be bidding the soldiery to wark their will on the puir unairmed folk up and down the country, and they not provided with the means to resist them?"

"Och, Jamie!" interrupted Mike, who did not appear to deem it necessary to treat this matter with even decent respect, "where will be yer valour and stomach, to ask sich a question as *that?* A man is always reathy, when he has his ar-r-ms and legs free to act accorthing to natur'. What would a rigiment of throops do ag'in the likes of sich a place as this! I'm sure it's tin years I've been *in* it, and I've niver been able to find my way *out* of it. Set a souldier to rowing on the lake forenent the rising sun, with orders to get to the other ind, and a pretty job he'd make of marching on that same! I knows it, for I've thried it, and it is not a new beginner that will make much of *sich* oars; barring he knows nothin' about them."

This was not very intelligible to anybody but Joel, and *he* had ceased to laugh at Mike's voyage now, some six or seven years; divers other disasters, all having their origin in a similar confusion of ideas, having, in the interval, supplanted that calamity, as it might be, *seriatim*. Still it was an indication that Mike might be set down as a belligerent, who was disposed to

follow his leader into the battle, without troubling him with many questions concerning the merits of the quarrel. Nevertheless, the County Leitrim man acknowledged particular principles, all of which had a certain influence on his conduct, whenever he could get at them, to render them available. First and foremost, he cordially disliked a Yankee; and he hated an Englishman, both as an oppressor and a heretic; yet he loved his master and all that belonged to him. These were contradictory feelings, certainly; but Mike was all contradiction, both in theory and in practice.

The Anglo-Saxon tribe now professed a willingness to retire, promising to *think of the matter;* a course against which Mike loudly protested, declaring he never knew any good come of thinking, when matters had got as far as blows.

Jamie, too, went off scratching his head, and he was seen to make many pauses that day between the shovels-full of earth he from time to time threw around his plants, as if pondering on what he had heard. As for the Dutch, their hour had not come. No one ex-

pected them to decide on the day they first heard an argument.

The negroes got together, and began to dwell on the marvels of a battle in which so many Christians had been put to death. Little Smash placed the slain at a few thousands; but Great Smash, as better became her loftier appellation and higher spirit, affirmed that the captain had stated *hundreds* of thousands; a loss, with less than which, as she contended, no great battle could possibly be fought.

When the captain was housed, Serjeant Joyce demanded an audience, the object of which was simply to ask for *orders*, without the least reference to *principles*.

CHAPTER VII.

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear!
Each chair is filled—we're all *at home;*
To-night let no cold stranger come:
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And kind Affection rule the hour:
We're all—all here!

SPRAGUE.

ALTHOUGH most of the people retired to their dwellings or their labours as soon as the captain dismissed them, a few remained to receive his farther orders. Among these last were Joel, the carpenter, and the blacksmith. These men

now joined the chief of the settlement and his son, who had lingered near the gateway in conversation concerning the alterations that the present state of things might render necessary in and about the Hut.

"Joel," observed the captain, when the three men were near enough to hear his orders, "this great change in the times will render some changes in our means of defence prudent, if not necessary."

"Does the captain s'pose the people of the colony will attack *us?*" asked the wily overseer with emphasis.

"Perhaps not the people of the colony, Mr. Strides, for we have not *yet* declared ourselves their enemies; but there are other foes, who are more to be apprehended than the people of the colony."

"I should think the King's troops not likely to trouble themselves to ventur' here — the road might prove easier to come than to return. Besides, our plunder would scarce pay for such a march."

"Perhaps not; but there never has yet been a war in these colonies, that some of the savage

tribes were not engaged in it before the whites had fairly got themselves into line."

"Do you really think, sir, there can be much serious danger of *that?*" exclaimed the major in surprise.

"Beyond a question, my son. The scalping-knife will be at work in six months, if it be not busy already, should one half of your reports and rumours turn out to be true. Such is American history."

"I rather think, sir, your apprehensions for my mother and sisters may mislead you. I do not believe the American authorities will ever allow themselves to be driven into a measure so perfectly horrible and unjustifiable; and, were the English ministry sufficiently cruel or unprincipled to adopt the policy, the honest indignation of so humane a people would be certain to drive them from power."

As the major ceased speaking, he turned and caught the expression of Joel's countenance, and was struck with the look of intense interest with which the overseer watched his own warm and sincere manner.

"Humanity is a very pretty stalking-horse

for political orations, Bob," quietly returned the father; "but it will scarcely count for much with an old campaigner. God send you may come out of this war with the same ingenuous and natural feelings as you go into it."

"The major will scarce dread the savages, should he be on the side of his nat'ral friends!" remarked Joel; "and, if what he says about the humanity of the King's advisers be true, he will be safe from *them*."

"The major will be on the side to which duty calls him, Mr. Strides, if it may be agreeable to your views of the matter," answered the young man, with a little more *hauteur* than the occasion required.

The father felt uneasy, and he regretted that his son had been so indiscreet; though he saw no remedy but by drawing the attention of the men to the matter before them.

"Neither the real wishes of the people of America, nor of the people of England, will avail much in carrying on this war," he said. "Its conduct will fall into the hands of those who will look more to the ends than to the means; and success will be found a sufficient apology for

any wrong. This has been the history of all the wars of my time, and it is likely to prove the history of this. I fear it will make little difference to us on which side we may be in feeling; there will be savages to guard against in either case. This gate must be hung, one of the first things, Joel; and I have serious thoughts of placing palisades around the Knoll. The Hut, well palisaded, would make a work that could not be easily carried without artillery."

Joel seemed struck with the idea, though it did not appear that it was favourably. He stood studying the house and the massive gates for a minute or two, ere he delivered his sentiments on the subject. When he did speak, it was a good deal more in doubt than in approbation.

"It 's all very true, captain," he said; "the house would *seem* to be a good deal more safe like, if the gates were up: but, a body don't know, sometimes gates be a security, and sometimes they isn't. It all depends on which side the danger comes. Still, as these are *made*, and finished all to hanging, it 's 'most a pity, too,

they shouldn't be used, if a body could find *time*."

"The time *must* be found, and the gates be hung," interrupted the captain, too much accustomed to Joel's doubting, sort-o'-concluding manner, to be always patient under the infliction. "Not only the gates, but the palisades must be got out, holes dug, and the circumvallation completed."

"It must be as the captain says, of course, he being master here. But time's precious in May. There 's half our plantin' to be done yet, and some of the ground hasn't got the last ploughin'. Harvest won't come without seed-time, for no man, let him be great or let him be small; and it does seem to me a sort o' wastin' of the Lord's blessin's to be hangin' gates and diggin' holes for that—the thing the captain mentioned—when there 's no visible danger in sight to recommend the measure to prudence, as it might be."

"That may be your opinion, Mr. Strides, but it is not mine. I intend to guard against a visible danger that is *out* of sight, and I will thank you to have these gates hung this very day."

"This very day! The captain's a mind to be musical about the matter. Every hand in the settlement couldn't get them gates in their places in less than a week."

"It appears to me, Strides, you are 'playing on the music,' as you call it, yourself, now."

"No, indeed, captain; them gates will have to be hung on the mechanic principle; and it will take at least two or three days for the carpenter and blacksmith to get up the works that's to do it. Then the hanging itself, I should think, would stand us in hand a day for each side. As for the circumvalley, what between the cuttin', and haulin', and diggin', and settin', that would occupy all hands until after first hoein'. That is, hoein' would come afore the plantin'."

"It does not appear to me, Bob, such a heavy job as Joel represents. The gates are heavy, certainly, and may take us a day or two; but, as for stockading—I've seen barracks stockaded-in in a week, if I remember right. You know something of this—what is your opinion?"

"That this house can be stockaded-in in the time you mention; and, as I have a strong reluctance to leave the family before it is in secu-

rity, with your permission I will remain and superintend the work."

The offer was gladly accepted, on more accounts than one; and the captain, accustomed to be obeyed when he was in earnest, issued his orders forthwith to let the work proceed. Joel, however, was excused, in order that he might finish the planting he had commenced, and which a very few hands could complete within the required time. As no ditch was necessary, the work was of a very simple nature, and the major set about his portion of it without even re-entering the house.

The first thing was to draw a line for a trench, some six or seven feet deep, that was to encircle the whole building, at a distance of about thirty yards from the house. This line ran, on each side of the Hut, on the very verge of the declivities, rendering the flanks far more secure than the front, where it crossed the lawn on a gently inclining surface. In one hour the major had traced this line with accuracy; and he had six or eight men at work with spades, digging the trench. A gang of hands was sent into the woods, with orders to cut the requisite quan-

tity of young chestnuts; and, by noon, a load of the material actually appeared on the ground. Still, nothing was done to the gates.

To own the truth, the captain was now delighted. The scene reminded him of some in his military life, and he bustled about, giving his orders, with a good deal of the fire of youth renewed; taking care, however, in no manner to interfere with the plans of his son. Mike buried himself like a mole, and had actually advanced several feet before either of the Yankees had got even a fair footing on the bottom of his part of the trench. As for Jamie Allen, he went to work with deliberation; but it was not long before his naked gray hairs were seen on a level with the surface of the ground. The digging was not hard, though a little stony; and the work proceeded with spirit and success. All that day, and the next, and the next, and the next, the Knoll appeared alive; earth being cast upward, teams moving, carpenters sawing, and labourers toiling. Many of the men protested that their work was useless, unnecessary, *unlawful* even; but no one dared hesitate under the eyes of the major, when his father had once issued a serious

command. In the mean time Joel's planting was finished, though he made many long pauses while at work on the flats, to look up and gaze at the scene of activity and bustle that was presented at the Knoll. On the fourth day, towards evening, he was obliged to join the general "bee," with the few hands he had retained with himself.

By this time the trench was dug, most of the timber was prepared, and the business of setting up the stockade was commenced. Each young tree was cut to the length of twenty feet, and pointed at one end. Mortices, to receive cross-pieces, were cut at proper distances, and holes were bored to admit the pins. This was all the preparation, and the timbers were set in the trench, pointed ends uppermost. When a sufficient number were thus arranged, a few inches from each other, the cross-pieces were pinned on, bringing the whole into a single connected frame, or bent. The bent was then raised to a perpendicular, and secured by pounding the earth around the lower ends of the timbers. The latter process required care and judgment, and it was entrusted to the especial supervision of the deliberate Jamie; the major having discovered that the

Yankees, in general, were too impatient to get on, and to make a show. Serjeant Joyce was particularly useful in dressing the rows of timber, and in giving the whole arrangement a military air.

"*Guid* wark is far better than *quick* wark," observed the cool-headed Scotchman, as he moved about among the men; "and it 's no the fuss and bustle of acteevity that is to give the captain pleasure. The thing that is well done, is done with the least noise and confusion. Set the stockades mair pairpendic'lar, my men."

"Ay, dress them, too, my lads," added the venerable ex-serjeant.

"This is queer plantin', Jamie," put in Joel, "and queerer grain will come of it. Do you think these young chestnuts will ever grow ag'in, that you put them out in rows, like so much corn?"

"Now, it's no for the growth we does it, Joel, but to presairve the human growth we have. To keep the savage bairbers o' the wilderness fra clippin' our polls before the shearin' time o' natur' has gathered us a' in for the hairvest of etairnity. They that no like the safety we're

makin' for them, can gang their way to ither places, where they'll find no forts or stockades to trouble their een."

"I'm not critical at all, Jamie, though to my notion a much better use for your timber plantation would be, to turn it into sheds for cattle in the winter months. I can see some good in *that*, but none in *this*."

"Bad luck to ye, then, Misther Sthroddle," cried Mike, from the bottom of the trench, where he was using a pounding instrument with the zeal of a paviour—"Bad luck to the likes of ye, say I, Misther Strides. If ye've no relish for a fortification in a time of war, ye've only to shoulther yer knapsack, and go out into the open counthry, where ye'll have all to yer own satisfaction. Is it forthify the house, will we? That we will; and not a hair of the missus's head, nor of the young ladies' heads, nor of the masther's head, though he's mighty bald as it is, but not a hair of *all* their heads shall be harmed, while Jamie and Mike, and the bould ould serjeant here, can have their way. I wish I had the trench full of yer savages, and a gineral funeral we'd make of the vagabonds! Och! They're

the divil's imps, I hear from all sides, and no love do I owe them."

"And yet you 're the bosom friend of Nick, who 's anything but what I call a specimen of his people."

"Is it Nick ye 're afther? Well, Nick's half-civilized accorthin' to yer Yankee manners, and he 's no spicimen at all. Let him hear you call him by sich a name, if ye want throuble."

Joel walked away muttering, leaving the labourers in doubt whether he relished least the work he was now obliged to unite in furthering, or Mike's hit at his own peculiar people. Still the work proceeded, and in one week from the day it was commenced the stockade was complete, its gate excepted. The entrance through the palisades was directly in front of that to the house, and both passages still remained open, one set of gates not being completed, and the other not yet being hung.

It was on a Saturday evening when the last palisade was placed firmly in the ground, and all the signs of the recent labour were removed, in order to restore as much of the former beauty of the Knoll as possible. It had been a busy week;

so much so, indeed, as to prevent the major from holding any of that confidential intercourse with his mother and sisters in which it had been his habit to indulge on former visits. The fatigues of the day sent everybody to their pillows early; and the snatches of discourse which passed had been affectionate and pleasant, rather than communicative. Now that the principal job was so near being finished, however, and the rubbish was cleared away, the captain summoned the family to the lawn again, to enjoy a delicious evening near the close of the winning month of May. The season was early, and the weather more bland than was usual, even in that sheltered and genial valley. For the first time that year Mrs. Willoughby consented to order the tea-equipage to be carried to a permanent table that had been placed under the shade of a fine elm, in readiness for any *fête-champêtre* of this simple character.

"Come, Wilhelmina, give us a cup of your fragrant hyson, of which we have luckily abundance, tax or no tax. I should lose *caste*, were it known how much American treason we have gulped down in this way; but a little tea up

here in the forest can do no man's conscience any great violence, in the long run. I suppose, Major Willoughby, his Majesty's forces do not disdain tea in these stirring times?"

"Far from it, sir; we deem it so loyal to drink it, that it is said the port and sherry of the different messes at Boston are getting to be much neglected. I am an admirer of tea—for itself, however, caring little about its collateral qualities. Farrel"—turning to his man, who was aiding Pliny the elder in arranging the table—"when you are through here, bring out the basket you will find on the toilet in my room."

"True, Bob," observed the mother, smiling; "that basket has scarce been treated with civility. Not a syllable of thanks have I heard for all the fine things it contains."

"My mind has been occupied with care for your safety, dear mother, and that must be my excuse. Now, however, there is an appearance of security which gives one a breathing-time, and my gratitude receives a sudden impulse. As for you, Maud, I regret to be compelled to say that you stand convicted of laziness; not a single

thing do I owe to your labours or recollection of me."

"Is that possible!" exclaimed the captain, who was pouring water into the teapot. "Maud is the last person I should suspect of neglect of this nature; I do assure you, Bob, no one listens to news of your promotions and movements with more interest than Maud."

Maud herself made no answer. She bent her head aside, in a secret consciousness that her sister might alone detect, and form her own conclusions concerning the colour that she felt warming her cheeks. But Maud's own sensitive feelings attributed more to Beulah than the sincere and simple-minded girl deserved. So completely was she accustomed to regard Robert and Maud as brother and sister, that even all which had passed produced no effect in unsettling her opinions, or in giving her thoughts a new direction. Just at this moment Farrel came back, and placed the basket on the bench, at the side of his master.

"Now, my dearest mother, and you, girls"—the major had begun to drop the use of the word "sisters" when addressing *both* the young ladies—"Now, my dearest mother, and you, girls, I am

about to give each her due. In the first place, I confess my own unworthiness, and acknowledge that I do not deserve one-half the kind attention I have received in these various presents: after which we will descend to particulars."

The major then exposed every article contained in the basket, finding the words "mother" and "Beulah" pinned on each, but nowhere any indication that his younger sister had even borne him in mind. His father looked surprised at this, not to say a little grave; and he waited with evident curiosity for the gifts of Maud, as one thing after another came up, without any signs of her having recollected the absentee.

"This is odd, truly," observed the father seriously; "I hope, Bob, you have done nothing to deserve this? I should be sorry to have my little girl affronted!"

"I assure you, sir, that I am altogether ignorant of any act, and I can solemnly protest against any intention, to give offence. If guilty, I now pray Maud to pardon me."

"You have done nothing, Bob—*said* nothing, Bob—*thought* nothing to offend me," cried Maud eagerly.

"Why, then, have you forgotten him, darling, when your mother and sister have done so much in the way of recollection?" asked the captain.

"Forced gifts, my dear father, are no gifts. I do not like to be compelled to make presents."

This was uttered in a way to induce the major to throw all the articles back into the basket, as if he wished to get rid of the subject without further comment. Owing to this precipitation, the scarf was not seen. Fortunately for Maud, who was ready to burst into tears, the service of the tea prevented any farther allusion to the matter.

"You have told me, major," observed Captain Willoughby, "that your old regiment has a new colonel; but you have forgotten to mention his name. I hope it is my old messmate, Tom Wallingford, who wrote me he had some such hopes last year."

"General Wallingford has got a light-dragoon regiment; General Meredith has my old corps; he is now in this country, at the head of one of Gage's brigades."

It is a strong proof of the manner in which Maud — Maud Willoughby, as she was ever

termed—had become identified with the family of the Hutted Knoll, that, with two exceptions, not a person present thought of her when the name of this General Meredith was mentioned; though, in truth, he was the uncle of her late father. The exceptions were the major and herself. The former now never heard the name without thinking of his beautiful little playfellow and nominal sister; while Maud, of late, had become curious, and even anxious, on the subject of her natural relatives. Still, a feeling akin to awe, a sentiment that appeared as if it would be doing violence to a most solemn duty, prevented her from making any allusion to her change of thought, in the presence of those whom, during childhood, she had viewed only as her nearest relatives, and who still continued so to regard her. She would have given the world to ask Bob a few questions concerning the kinsman he had mentioned, but could not think of doing so before her mother, whatever she might be induced to attempt with the young man when by himself.

Nick next came strolling along, gazing at the stockade, and drawing near the table with an

indifference to persons and things which characterized his habits. When close to the party he stopped, keeping his eye on the recent works.

"You see, Nick, I am about to turn soldier again, in my old days," observed the captain. "It is now many years since you and I have met within a line of palisades. How do you like our work?"

"What you make him for, cap'in?"

"So as to be secure against any red-skins who may happen to long for our scalps."

"Why want *your* scalp? Hatchet hasn't been dug up a-tween us — bury him so deep can't find him in ten, two, six year."

"Ay, it has long been buried, it is true; but you red gentlemen have a trick of digging it up with great readiness, when there is any occasion for it. I suppose you know, Nick, that there are troubles in the colonies?"

"Tell Nick all about him," answered the Indian evasively. "No read—no hear—don't talk much—talk most wid Irisher—can't understand what he want — say t'ing one way, den say him anoder."

"Mike is not very lucid of a certainty," re-

joined the captain, laughing, all the party joining in the merriment: "but he is a sterling good fellow, and is always to be found in a time of need."

"Poor rifle—nebber hit; shoot one way, look t'other."

"He is no great shot, I will admit; but he is a famous fellow with a shillelah. Has he given you any of the news?"

"All he say, news; much news ten time, as one time. Cap'in lend Nick a quarter-dollar yesterday."

"I did lend you a quarter, certainly, Nick; and I supposed it had gone to the miller for rum before this. What am I to understand by your holding it out in this manner? — that you mean to repay me?"

"Sartain; good quarter, just like him cap'in lent Nick. Like as one pea. Nick man of honour; keep his word."

"This does look more like it than common, Nick. The money was to be returned to-day, but I did not expect to see it; so many previous contracts of that nature having been vacated, as the lawyers call it."

"Tuscarora chief alway gentleman. What he say, he do. Good quarter-dollar dat, cap'in?"

"It is unexceptionable, old acquaintance; I 'll not disdain receiving it, as it may serve for a future loan."

"No need bye 'm-bye; take him now. Cap'in lend Nick dollar? Pay him to-morrow."

The captain protested against the *sequitur* that the Indian evidently wished to establish; declining, though in a good-natured manner, to lend the larger sum. Nick was disappointed, and walked sullenly away, moving nearer to the stockade, with the air of an offended man.

"That is an extraordinary fellow, sir!" observed the major. "I really wonder you tolerate him so much about the Hut. It might be a good idea to banish him, now that the war has broken out."

"Which would be a thing more easily said than done. A drop of water might as readily be banished from that stream, as an Indian from any part of the forest he may choose to visit. You brought him here yourself, Bob, and should not blame us for tolerating his presence."

"I brought him, sir, because I found he

recognised me even in this dress, and it was wise to make a friend of him. Then I wanted a guide, and I was well assured he knew the way, if any man did. He is a surly scoundrel, however, and appears to have changed his character since I was a boy."

"If there be any change, Bob, it is in yourself. Nick has been Nick these thirty years, or as long as I have known him. Rascal he is, or his tribe would not have cast him out. Indian justice is stern, but it is natural justice. No man is ever put to the ban among the red men until they are satisfied he is not fit to enjoy savage rights. In garrison, we always looked upon Nick as a clever knave, and treated him accordingly. When one is on his guard against such a fellow, he can do little harm; and this Tuscarora has a salutary dread of me, which keeps him in tolerable order during his visits to the Hut. The principal mischief he does here, is to get Mike and Jamie deeper in the Santa Cruz than I could wish; but the miller has his orders to sell no more rum."

"I hardly think you do Nick justice, Willoughby," observed the right-judging and gentle

wife. "He has *some* good qualities; but you soldiers always apply martial-law to the weaknesses of your fellow-creatures."

"And you tender-hearted women, my dear Wilhelmina, think everybody as good as yourselves."

"Remember, Hugh, when your son, there, had the canker-rash, how actively and readily the Tuscarora went into the forest to look for the gold-thread, that even the doctors admitted cured him. It was difficult to find, Robert: but Nick remembered a spot where he had seen it, fifty miles off; and, without a request even from us, he travelled that distance to procure it."

"Yes, this is true," returned the captain thoughtfully; "though I question if the cure was owing to the gold-thread, as you call it, Wilhelmina. Every man has some good quality or other; and, I much fear, some bad ones also. But here is the fellow coming back, and I do not like to let him think himself of sufficient consequence to be the subject of our remarks."

"Very true, sir; it adds excessively to the trouble of such fellows, to let them fancy themselves of importance."

Nick now came slowly back, after having examined the recent changes to his satisfaction. He stood a moment in silence near the table, and then, assuming an air of more dignity than common, he addressed the captain.

"Nick ole *chief*," he said. "Been at Council Fire, often as cap'in. Can't tell, all he know, want to hear about new war."

"Why, Nick, it is a family quarrel this time; the French have nothing to do with it."

"Yengeese fight Yengeese—um?"

"I am afraid it will so turn out. Do not the Tuscaroras sometimes dig up the hatchet against the Tuscaroras?"

"Tuscarora man kill Tuscarora man—good—he quarrel, and kill he enemy. But Tuscarora warrior nebber take scalp of Tuscarora squaw and pappoose! What you t'ink he do dat for? Red man no hog, to eat pork."

"It must be admitted, Nick, you are a very literal logician; 'dog won't eat dog,' is our English saying. Still, the *Yankee* will fight the Yengeese, it would seem. In a word, the Great Father in England has raised the hatchet against his American children."

"How you like him, cap'in—um? Which go on straight path, which go on crooked? How you like him?"

"I like it little, Nick, and wish with all my heart the quarrel had not taken place."

"Mean to put on regimentals—hah! Mean to be cap'in ag'in? Follow drum and fife, like ole time?"

"I rather think not, old comrade. After sixty, one likes peace better than war; and I intend to stay at home."

"What for, den, build fort? Why you put fence round a house, like pound for sheep?"

"Because I intend to *stay* there. The stockade will be good to keep off any or every enemy who may take it into their heads to come against us. You have known me defend a worse position than this."

"He got no gate," muttered Nick. "What he good for widout gate? Yengeese, Yankeese, red man, French man, walk in just as he please. No good to leave such squaw wid a door wide open."

"Thank you, Nick," cried Mrs. Willoughby.

"I knew you were *my* friend, and have not forgotten the gold-thread."

"He *very* good," answered the Indian with an important look. "Pappoose get well like not'ing. He a'most die to-day; to-morrow he run about and play. Nick do him, too; cure him wid gold-thread."

"Oh! you are, or were quite a physician at one time, Nick. I remember when you had the smallpox yourself."

The Indian turned with the quickness of lightning to Mrs. Willoughby, whom he startled with his energy, as he demanded—

"You remember dat, Mrs. Cap'in! Who gib him—who cure him—um?"

"Upon my word, Nick, you almost frighten me. I fear I gave you the disease, but it was for your own good it was done. You were inoculated by myself, when the soldiers were dying around us, because they had never had that care taken of them. All I inoculated lived; yourself among the number."

The startling expression passed away from the fierce countenance of the savage, leaving in its place another so kind and amicable as to

prove he not only was aware of the benefit he had received, but that he was deeply grateful for it. He drew near to Mrs. Willoughby, took her still white and soft hand in his own sinewy and dark fingers, then dropped the blanket that he had thrown carelessly across his body from a shoulder, and laid it on a mark left by the disease, by way of pointing to her good work. He smiled as this was done.

"Ole mark," he said, nodding his head—"sign we good friend — he nebber go away while Nick live."

This touched the captain's heart, and he tossed a dollar towards the Indian, who suffered it, however, to lie at his feet unnoticed. Turning to the stockade, he pointed significantly at the open gateways.

"Great danger go t'rough little 'ole," he said sententiously, walking away as he concluded; "why you leave big 'ole open?"

"We *must* get those gates hung next week," said the captain positively; "and yet it is almost absurd to apprehend anything serious in this remote settlement, and that at so early a period in the war."

Nothing further passed on the lawn worthy to be recorded. The sun set, and the family withdrew into the house, as usual, to trust to the overseeing care of Divine Providence throughout a night passed in a wilderness. By common consent the discourse turned upon things no way connected with the civil war, or its expected results, until the party was about to separate for the night, when the major found himself alone with his sisters in his own little parlour, dressing-room, or study, whatever the room adjoining his chamber could properly be called.

"You will not leave us soon, Robert," said Beulah, taking her brother's hand with confiding affection; "I hardly think my father young and active enough, or rather *alarmed* enough, to live in times like these!"

"He is a soldier, Beulah, and a good one; so good that his son can teach him nothing. I wish I could say that he is as good a *subject:* I fear he leans to the side of the colonies."

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Beulah. "Oh! that his son would incline in the same direction."

"Nay, Beulah," rejoined Maud reproach-

fully, "you speak without reflection. Mamma bitterly regrets that papa sees things in the light he does. *She* thinks the parliament right, and the colonies wrong."

"What a thing is a civil war!" ejaculated the major. "Here is husband divided against wife, son against father, brother against sister. I could almost wish I were dead, ere I had lived to see this."

"Nay, Robert, it is not so bad as that, either," added Maud. "My mother will never oppose my father's will or judgment. Good wives, you know, never do *that*. She will only pray that he may decide right, and in a way that his children will never have cause to regret. As for me, I count for nothing, of course."

"And Beulah, Maud; is she nothing, too? Here will Beulah be praying for her brother's defeat, throughout this war. It has been some presentiment of this difference of opinion that has probably induced you to forget me, while Beulah and my mother were passing so many hours to fill that basket."

"Perhaps you do Maud injustice, Robert,"

said Beulah, smiling. "I think I can say none loves you better than our dear sister—or no one has thought of you more in your absence."

"Why, then, does the basket contain no proof of this remembrance? not even a chain of hair, a purse, or a ring; nothing, in short, to shew that I have not been forgotten when away?"

"Even if this be so," said Maud with spirit, "in what am I worse than yourself. What proof is there that you have remembered *us?*"

"This," answered the major, laying before his sisters two small packages, each marked with the name of its proper owner. "My mother has hers, too, and my father has not been forgotten."

Beulah's exclamations proved how much she was gratified with her presents; principally trinkets and jewellery, suited to her years and station. First kissing the major, she declared her mother must see what she had received, before she retired for the night, and hurried from the room. That Maud was not less pleased, was apparent by her glowing cheeks and tearful eyes; though, for a wonder, she was far more restrained

in the expression of her feelings. After examining the different articles with pleasure for a minute or two, she went with a quick impetuous movement to the basket, tumbled all its contents on the table, until she reached the scarf, which she tossed towards the major, saying with a faint laugh—

"There, unbeliever — heathen — is *that* nothing? Was that made in a minute, think you?"

"*This?*" cried the major, opening the beautiful, glossy fabric in surprise. "Is not this one of my father's old sashes, to which I have fallen heir in the order of nature?"

Maud dropped her trinkets, and, seizing two corners of the sash, she opened it, in a way to exhibit its freshness and beauty.

"Is this *old*, or *worn?*" she asked reproachfully. "Your father never even saw it, Bob. It has not yet been around the waist of man."

"It is not possible! This would be the work of months — is *so* beautiful — you cannot have purchased it."

Maud appeared distressed at his doubts. Opening the folds still wider, she raised the

centre of the silk to the light, and pointed to certain letters that had been wrought into the fabric, so ingeniously as to escape ordinary observation, and yet so plainly as to be distinctly legible when the attention was once drawn to them. The major took the sash into his own hands altogether, held it opened before the candles, and read the words "Maud Meredith" aloud. Dropping the sash, he turned to seek the face of the donor, but she had fled the room. He followed her footsteps, and entered the library just as she was about to escape from it by a different door.

"I am offended at your incredulity," said Maud, making an effort to laugh away the scene, "and will not remain to hear lame excuses. Your new regiment can have no nature in it, or brothers would not treat sisters thus."

"Maud *Meredith* is not my sister," he said earnestly, "though Maud *Willoughby* may be. Why is the name Meredith?"

"As a retort to one of your own allusions—did you not call me Miss Meredith, one day, when I last saw you in Albany?"

"Ay, but that was in jest, my dearest Maud. It was not a deliberate thing, like the name on that sash."

"Oh! jokes may be premeditated as well as murder; and many a one *is* murdered, you know. Mine is a prolonged jest."

"Tell me, does my mother — does Beulah know who made this sash?"

"How else could it have been made, Bob? Do you think I went into the woods and worked by myself, like some romantic damsel who had an unmeaning secret to keep against the curious eyes of persecuting friends?"

"I know not what I thought—scarce know what I think now. But my mother; does she know of this *name?*"

Maud blushed to the eyes; but the habit and the love of truth were so strong in her, that she shook her head in the negative.

"Nor Beulah? *She,* I am certain, would not have permitted 'Meredith' to appear where 'Willoughby' should have been."

"Nor Beulah, either, Major Willoughby," pronouncing the name with an affectation of reverence. "The honour of the Willoughbys

is thus preserved from every taint, and all the blame must fall on poor Maud Meredith."

"You dislike the name of Willoughby, then, and intend to drop it in future. — I have remarked that you sign yourself only 'Maud' in your last letters; never before, however, did I suspect the reason."

"Who wishes to live for ever an impostor? It is not my legal name, and I shall soon be called on to perform legal acts. Remember, Mr. Robert Willoughby, I am twenty; when it comes to pounds, shillings, and pence, I must not forge. A little habit is necessary to teach me the use of my own *bonâ fide* signature."

"But ours—the name is not hateful to you — you do not throw it aside, seriously, for ever!"

"*Yours!* What! the honoured name of my dear, dearest father—of my mother—of Beulah —of yourself, Bob!"

Maud did not remain to terminate her speech. Bursting into tears, she vanished.

CHAPTER VIII.

The village tower—'tis joy to me!—I cry, the Lord is here!
The village bells! They fill the soul with ecstacy sincere.
And thus, I sing, the light hath shined to lands in darkness hurled;
Their sound is now in all the earth, their words throughout the world.

COXE.

ANOTHER night passed in peace within the settlement of the Hutted Knoll. The following morning was the Sabbath; and it came forth, balmy, genial, and mild, worthy of the great festival of the Christian world. On the subject of religion Captain Willoughby was a little of a martinet; understanding, by liberty of conscience, the right of improving by the instruction of those ministers who belonged to the Church of England. Several of his labourers had left him because he refused to allow of

any other ministrations on his estate; his doctrine being, that every man had a right to do as he pleased in such matters; and, as he did not choose to allow of schism within the sphere of his own influence, if others desired to be schismatics, they were at liberty to go elsewhere in order to indulge their tastes. Joel Strides and Jamie Allen were both disaffected to this sort of orthodoxy, and they had frequent private discussions on its propriety: the former in his usual wily and jesuitical mode of sneering and insinuating; and the latter respectfully as related to his master, but earnestly as it concerned his conscience. Others, too, were dissentients, but with less repining; though occasionally they would stay away from Mr. Woods' services. Mike, alone, took an open and manly stand in the matter, and he a little out-heroded Herod; or, in other words, he exceeded the captain himself in strictness of construction. On the very morning we have just described, he was present at a discussion between the Yankee overseer and the Scotch mason, in which these two dissenters, the first a Congregationalist, and the last a Seceder, were complaining of the hard-

ships of a ten years' abstinence, during which no spiritual provender had been dealt out to them from a proper source. The Irishman broke out upon the complainants in a way that will at once let the reader into the secret of the County Leitrim man's principles, if he has any desire to know them.

"Bad luck to all sorts of religion but the right one!" cried Mike, in a most tolerant spirit. "Who d' ye think will be wishful of hearing mass and pr'aching that comes from *any* of your heretic parsons! Ye 're as dape in the mire yerselves as Mr. Woods is in the woods; and no one to lade ye out of either, but an evil spirit that would rather see all mankind br'iling in agony than dancing at a fair."

"Go to your confessional, Mike," returned Joel with a sneer. "It 's a month or more sin' you seen it, and the priest will think you have forgotten him, and go away offended."

"Och! it 's such a praist as the likes of yees has no nade of throubling! Yer conscience is aisy, Misther Straddle, so that yer belly is filled and yer wages is paid. Bad luck to sich religion!"

The allusion of Joel related to a practice of Michael's that is deserving of notice. It seems that the poor fellow, excluded by his insulated position from any communication with a priest of his own church, was in the habit of resorting to a particular rock in the forest, where he would kneel and acknowledge his sins, very much as he would have done had the rock been a confessional containing one authorized to grant him absolution. Accident revealed the secret, and from that time Michael's devotion was a standing jest among the dissenters of the valley. The County Leitrim man was certainly a little too much addicted to Santa Cruz, and he was accused of always visiting his romantic chapel after a debauch. Of course he was but little pleased with Joel's remark on the present occasion; and being, like a modern newspaper, somewhat more vituperative than logical, he broke out as related.

"Jamie," continued Joel, too much accustomed to Mike's violence to heed it, "it does seem to me a hardship to be obliged to frequent a church of which a man's conscience can't approve. Mr. Woods, though a native colonist, is an Old England parson, and he has so many popish ways

about him that I am under considerable concern of *mind*" — concern, of *itself*, was not sufficiently emphatic for one of Joel's sensitive feelings — "I am under considerable *concern of mind* about the children. They *sit under* no other preaching; and, though Liddy and I do all we can to gainsay the sermons as soon as meetin' is out, some of it *will* stick. You may worry the best Christian into idolatry and unbelief, by parseverance and falsehood. Now that things look so serious, too, in the colonies, we ought to be most careful."

Jamie did not clearly understand the application of the present state of the colonies, nor had he quite made up his mind touching the merits of the quarrel between parliament and the Americans. As between the Stuarts and the House of Hanover, he was for the former, and that mainly because he thought them Scotch; and it was surely a good thing for a Scotchman to govern England: but, as between the *Old* countries and the *New*, he was rather inclined to think the rights of the first ought to predominate; there being something opposed to natural order, agreeably to his notions, in permitting the reverse of this doctrine to prevail. As for presbyterianism,

however, even in the mitigated form of New England church government, he deemed it to be so much better than episcopacy, that he would have taken up arms, old as he was, for the party that it could be made to appear was fighting to uphold the last. We have no wish to mislead the reader. Neither of the persons mentioned, Mike included, actually *knew* anything of the points in dispute among the different sects, or churches, mentioned; but only *fancied* themselves in possession of the doctrines, traditions, and authorities connected with the subject. These fancies, however, served to keep alive a discussion that soon had many listeners; and never before, since his first ministration in the valley, did Mr. Woods meet as disaffected a congregation as on this day.

The church of the Hutted Knoll, or, as the clergyman more modestly termed it, the chapel, stood in the centre of the meadows on a very low swell of their surface, where a bit of solid dry ground had been discovered fit for such a purpose. The principal object had been to make it central, though some attention had been paid also to the picturesque. It was well shaded

with young elms, just then opening into leaf; and about a dozen graves, principally of very young children, were memorials of the mortality of the settlement. The building was of stone, the work of Jamie Allen's own hands; but small, square, with a pointed roof, and totally without tower or belfry. The interior was of unpainted cherry, and, through a want of skill in the mechanics, had a cold and raw look, little suited to the objects of the structure. Still, the small altar, the desk and the pulpit, and the large, square, curtained pew of the captain, the only one the house contained, were all well ornamented with hangings, or cloth, and gave the place somewhat of an air of clerical comfort and propriety. The rest of the congregation sat on benches, with kneeling-boards before them. The walls were plastered; and a proof that parsimony had no connexion with the simple character of the building, and a thing almost as unusual in America at that period as it is to-day in parts of Italy, the chapel was entirely finished.

It has been said that the morning of the particular Sabbath at which we have now arrived was mild and balmy. The sun, of the forty-

third degree of latitude, poured out its genial rays upon the valley, gilding the tender leaves of the surrounding forest with such touches of light as are best known to the painters of Italy. The fineness of the weather brought nearly all the working people of the settlement to the chapel quite an hour before the ringing of its little bell, enabling the men to compare opinions afresh on the subject of the political troubles of the times, and the women to gossip about their children.

On all such occasions Joel was a principal spokesman, nature having created him for a demagogue in a small way; an office for which education had in no degree unfitted him. As had been usual with him of late, he turned the discourse on the importance of having correct information of what was going on in the inhabited parts of the country, and of the expediency of sending some trustworthy person on such an errand. He had frequently intimated his own readiness to go, if his neighbours wished it.

"We 're all in the dark here," he remarked, "and might stay so to the end of time, without some one to be relied on to tell us the news.

Major Willoughby is a fine man"—Joel meant *morally*, not *physically*; "but he's a King's officer, and nat'rally feels inclined to make the best of things for the rig'lars. The captain, too, was once a soldier himself; and his feelings turn, as it might be, unav'idably to the side he has been most used to. We are like people on a desart island out here in the wilderness; and, if ships won't arrive to tell us how matters come on, we must send one out to l'arn it for us. I 'm the last man at the Dam"—so the *oi polloi* called the valley—"to say anything hard of either the captain or his son; but one is English-born and the other is English-bred, and each will make a difference in a man's feelin's."

To this proposition the miller in particular assented, and, for the twentieth time, he made some suggestion about the propriety of Joel's going himself in order to ascertain how the land lay.

"You can be back by hoeing," he added, "and have plenty of time to go as far as Boston, should you wish to."

Now, while the great events were in progress

which led to the subversion of British power in America, an under-current of feeling, if not of incidents, was running in this valley, which threatened to wash away the foundations of the captain's authority. Joel and the miller, if not downright conspirators, had hopes, calculations, and even projects of their own which never would have originated with men of the same class in another state of society; or, it might almost be said, in another part of the world. The sagacity of the overseer had long enabled him to foresee that the issue of the present troubles would be insurrection; and a sort of instinct, which some men possess, for the strongest side, had pointed out to him the importance of being a patriot. The captain, he little doubted, would take part with the Crown, and then no one knew what might be the consequences. It is not probable that Joel's instinct for the strongest side predicted the precise confiscations that subsequently ensued, some of which had all the grasping lawlessness of a gross abuse of power; but he could easily foresee, that, if the owner of the estate should be driven off, the property and its proceeds, probably for a series of years,

would be very apt to fall under his own control and management. Many a patriot has been made by anticipations less brilliant than these; and, as Joel and the miller talked the matter over between them, they had calculated all the possible emolument of fattening beeves and packing pork for hostile armies or isolated frontier posts, with a strong gusto for the occupation. Should open war but fairly commence, and could the captain only be induced to abandon the Knoll, and take refuge within a British camp, everything might be made to go smoothly until settling day should follow a peace. At that moment, *non est inventus* would be a sufficient answer to a demand for any balance.

"They tell me," said Joel, in an aside to the miller, "that law is as good as done with in the Bay colony already; and, you know, if the law has run out *there*, it will quickly come to an end here. York never had much character for law."

"That 's true, Joel. Then, you know, the captain himself is the only magistrate hereabout; and, when he is away, we shall have to be governed by a committee of safety, or something of that natur'."

"A committee of safety will be the thing."

"What is a committee of safety, Joel?" demanded the miller, who had made far less progress in the arts of the demagogue than his friend, and who, in fact, had much less native fitness for the vocation; "I have heer'n tell of them regulations, but do not rightly understand 'em, a'ter all."

"You know what a committee is?" asked Joel, glancing inquiringly at his friend.

"I s'pose I do; it means men's takin' on themselves the trouble and care of public business."

"That 's it; now a committee of safety means a few of us, for instance, having the charge of the affairs of this settlement, in order to see that no harm shall come to anything, especially to the people."

"It would be a good thing to have one here. The carpenter, and you, and I might be members, Joel."

"We 'll talk about it another time. The corn is just planted, you know; and it has got to be hoed *twice*, and topped, before it can be gathered. Let us wait and see how things come on at Boston."

While this incipient plot was thus slowly coming to a head, and the congregation was gradually collecting at the chapel, a very different scene was enacting in the Hut. Breakfast was no sooner through than Mrs. Willoughby retired to her own sitting-room, whither her son was shortly summoned to join her. Expecting some of the inquiries which maternal affection might prompt, the major proceeded to the place named with alacrity; but, on entering the room, to his great surprise he found Maud with his mother. The latter seemed grave and concerned, while the former was not entirely free from alarm. The young man glanced inquiringly at the young lady, and he fancied he saw tears struggling to break out of her eyes.

"Come hither, Robert," said Mrs. Willoughby, pointing to a chair at her side, with a gravity that struck her son as unusual; "I have brought you here to listen to one of the old-fashioned lectures of which you got so many when a boy."

"Your advice, my dear mother, or even your reproofs, would be listened to with far more reverence and respect now, than, I fear, they were

then," returned the major, seating himself by the side of Mrs. Willoughby, and taking one of her hands affectionately in both his own. "It is only in after-life that we learn to appreciate the tenderness and care of such a parent as you have been; though what I to have done lately to bring me into danger of the guard-house, I cannot imagine. Surely *you* cannot blame me for adhering to the Crown at a moment like this?"

"I shall not interfere with your conscience in this matter, Robert; and my own feelings, American as I am by birth and family, rather incline me to think as you think. I have wished to see you, my son, on a different business."

"Do not keep me in suspense, mother; I feel like a prisoner who is waiting to hear his charges read. What have I done?"

"Nay, it is rather for *you* to tell *me* what you have done. You cannot have forgotten, Robert, how very anxious I have been to awaken and keep alive family affection among my children; how very important both your father and I have always deemed it; and how strongly we have endeavoured to impress this importance on all

your minds. The tie of family, and the love it ought to produce, is one of the sweetest of all our earthly duties. Perhaps we old people see its value more than you young; but, to us, the weakening of it seems like a disaster only a little less to be deplored than death."

"Dearest—dearest mother! What *can* you —what *do* you mean? What can *I*—what can *Maud* have to do with this?"

"Do not your consciences tell you, both? Has there not been some misunderstanding—perhaps a quarrel—certainly a coldness, between you? A mother has a quick and a jealous eye; and I have seen, for some time, that there is not the old confidence, the free natural manner, in either of you, that there used to be, and which always gave your father and me so much genuine happiness. Speak, then, and let me make peace between you."

Robert Willoughby would not have looked at Maud, at that moment, to have been given a regiment; as for Maud herself, she was utterly incapable of raising her eyes from the floor. The former coloured to the temples, a proof of

consciousness, his mother fancied; while the latter's face resembled ivory as much as flesh and blood.

"If you think, Robert," continued Mrs. Willoughby, "that Maud has forgotten you, or shown pique for any little former misunderstanding, during your last absence, you do her injustice. No one has done as much for you in the way of memorial; that beautiful sash being all her own work, and made of materials purchased with her own pocket-money. Maud loves you truly, too; for, whatever may be the airs she gives herself while you are together, when absent no one seems to care more for your wishes and happiness than that very wilful and capricious girl."

"Mother!—mother!" murmured Maud, burying her face in both her hands.

Mrs. Willoughby was woman in all her feelings, habits, and nature. No one would have been more keenly alive to the peculiar sensibilities of her sex, under ordinary circumstances, than herself; but she was now acting and thinking altogether in her character of a mother; and so long and intimately had she regarded the two

beings before her in that common and sacred light, that it would have been like the dawn of a new existence for her, just then, to look upon them as not really akin to each other.

"I shall not, nor can I, treat either of you as a child," she continued, "and must therefore appeal only to your own good sense to make a peace. I know it can be nothing serious, but it is painful to me to see even an affected coldness among my children. Think, Maud, that we are on the point of a war, and how bitterly you would regret it, should any accident befall your brother, and your memory not be able to recall the time passed among us, in his last visit, with entire satisfaction."

The mother's voice trembled, but tears no longer struggled about the eyelids of Maud. Her face was pale as death, and it seemed as if every ordinary fountain of sorrow were dried up.

"Dear Bob, this is too much!" she said eagerly, though in husky tones. "Here is my hand—nay, here are *both*. Mother must not think this cruel charge is—*can* be true."

The major arose, approached his sister, and impressed a kiss on her cold cheek. Mrs. Wil-

loughby smiled at these tokens of amity, and the conversation continued in a less earnest manner.

"This is right, my children," said the single-hearted Mrs. Willoughby, whose sensitive maternal love saw nothing but the dreaded consequences of weakened domestic affections; "and I shall be all the happier for having witnessed it. Young soldiers, Maud, who are sent early from their homes, have too many inducements to forget them and those they contain; and we women are so dependent on the love of our male friends, that it is wisdom in *us* to keep alive all the earlier ties as long and as much as possible."

"I am sure, dearest mother," murmured Maud, though in a voice that was scarcely audible, "*I* shall be the last to wish to weaken this family tie. No one can feel a warmer, a more proper, a more *sisterly* affection for Robert than I do. He was always so kind to me when a child—and so ready to assist me—and so manly—and so everything that he ought to be—it is surprising you should have fancied there was any coldness between us!"

Major Willoughby even bent forward to listen, so intense was his curiosity to hear what

Maud said; a circumstance which, had she seen it, would probably have closed her lips. But her eyes were riveted on the floor, her cheeks were bloodless, and her voice so low, that nothing but the breathless stillness he observed would have allowed the young man to hear it where he sat.

"You forget, mother," rejoined the major, satisfied that the last murmur had died on his ears, "that Maud will probably be transplanted into another family one of these days, where we, who know her so well, and have reason to love her so much, can only foresee that she will form new and even stronger ties than any which accident may have formed for her here."

"Never — never!" exclaimed Maud fervently; "I can never love any as well as I love those who are in this house."

The relief she wanted stopped her voice, and, bursting into tears, she threw herself into Mrs. Willoughby's arms, and sobbed like a child. The mother now motioned to her son to quit the room, while she remained herself to soothe the weeping girl, as she so often had done before, when overcome by her infantile or youthful

griefs. Throughout this interview, habit and single-heartedness so exercised their influence, that the excellent matron did not, in the most remote manner, recollect that her son and Maud were not natural relatives. Accustomed herself to see the latter every day, and to think of her as she had from the moment when she was placed in her arms an infant of a few weeks old, the effect that separation might produce on others never presented itself to her mind. Major Willoughby, a boy of eight when Maud was received into the family, had known from the first her precise position, and it was perhaps morally impossible that *he* should not recall the circumstance in their subsequent intercourse; more especially as school, college, and the army had given him so much leisure to reflect on such things, apart from the influence of family habits; while it was to be expected that a consequence of his own peculiar mode of thinking on this subject would be, to produce something like a sympathetic sentiment in the bosom of Maud. Until within the last few years, however, she had been so much of a child herself, and had been treated so much like a child by the young

soldier, that it was only through a change in him, which was perceptible only to herself, and which occurred when he first met her grown into womanhood, that she alone admitted any feelings which were not strictly to be referred to sisterly regard. All this, nevertheless, was a profound mystery to every member of the family but the two who were its subjects; no other thoughts than the simplest and most obvious ever suggesting themselves to the minds of the others.

In half an hour Mrs. Willoughby had quieted all Maud's present troubles, and the whole family left the house to repair to the chapel. Michael, though he had no great reverence for Mr. Woods' ministrations, had constituted himself sexton, an office which had devolved on him in consequence of his skill with the spade. Once initiated into one branch of this duty, he had insisted on performing all the others; and it was sometimes a curious spectacle to see the honest fellow, busy about the interior of the building during service, literally stopping one of his ears with a thumb, with a view, while he acquitted himself of what he conceived to be temporal obligations, to exclude as much heresy

as possible. One of his rules was, to refuse to commence tolling the bell until he saw Mrs. Willoughby and her daughters within a reasonable distance of the place of worship; a rule that had brought about more than one lively discussion between himself and the levelling-minded, if not heavenly-minded, Joel Strides. On the present occasion this simple process did not pass altogether without a dispute.

"Come, Mike, it 's half-past ten; the people have been waiting about the meetin' 'us some time; you should open the doors, and toll the bell. People can't wait for ever, for anybody, not even for your church."

"Then let 'em just go home ag'in, and come when they 're called. Because the ould women, and the young women, and the childer, and the likes o' them, wishes to scandalize their fellow cr'atures, Christians I will not call 'em, let 'em mate in the mill, or the school-house, and not come forenent a church on sich a business as that. Is it toll the bell, will I, afore the missus is in sight? No, not for a whole gineration of ye, Joel; and every one o' them, too, a much likelier man than ye bees yerself."

"Religion is no respecter of persons," returned the philosophical Joel. "Them that likes masters and mistresses may have them, for all me; but it riles me to meet with meanness."

"It does!" cried Mike, looking up at his companion with a very startling expression of wonder. "If that be true, ye must be in a mighty throubled state most of the live-long day, ye must!"

"I tell you, Michael O'Hearn, religion is no respecter of persons. The Lord cares jist as much for *me*, as he does for Captain Willoughby, or his wife, or his son, or his darters, or anything that is his."

"Divil burn me, now, Joel, if I believe *that!*" again cried Mike, in his dogmatic manner. "Them that understands knows the difference between mankind, and I'm sure it can be no great sacret to the Lord, when it is so well known to a poor fellow like myself. There's a plenthy of fellow-cr'atures that has a mighty good notion of their own excellence; but, when it comes to r'ason and thruth, it's no very great figure ye all make in proving what ye say.

This chapel is the master's, if chapel the heretical box can be called, and yonder bell was bought wid his money; and the rope is his; and the hands that mane to pull it, is his; and so there 's little use in talking ag'in rocks, and ag'in minds that 's made up even harder than rocks, and to spare."

This settled the matter. The bell was not tolled until Mrs. Willoughby and her daughters had got fairly through the still unprotected gateway of the stockade; although the recent discussion of political questions had so far substituted discontent for subordination in the settlement, that more than half of those who were of New England descent had openly expressed their dissatisfaction at the delay. Mike, however, was as unmoved as the little chapel itself, refusing to open the door until the proper moment had arrived, according to his own notion of the fitness of things. He then proceeded to the elm, against which the little bell was hung, and commenced tolling it with as much seriousness as if the conveyer of sounds had been duly consecrated.

When the family from the Hut entered the chapel, all the rest of the congregation were in

their customary seats. This arrival, however, added materially to the audience, Great Smash and Little Smash, the two Plinies, and some five or six coloured children, between the ages of six and twelve, following in the train of their master. For the blacks a small gallery had been built, where they could sit apart, a proscribed, if not a persecuted race. Little did the Plinies or the Smashes, notwithstanding, think of this. Habit had rendered their situation more than tolerable, for it had created notions and usages that would have rendered them uncomfortable in closer contact with the whites. In that day the two colours never ate together, by any accident; the Eastern castes being scarcely more rigid in the observance of their rules than the people of America were on this great point. The men, who would toil together, joke together, and pass their days in familiar intercourse, would not sit down at the same board. There seemed to be a sort of contamination, according to the opinions of one of these castes, in breaking bread with the other. This prejudice often gave rise to singular scenes, more especially in the households of those who habitually laboured in com-

pany with their slaves. In such families it not unfrequently happened that a black led the councils of the farm. He might be seen seated by the fire, uttering his opinions dogmatically, reasoning warmly against his own master, and dealing out his wisdom *ex cathedrâ*, even while he waited, with patient humility, until he might approach, and satisfy his hunger, after all of the other colour had quitted the table.

Mr. Woods was not fortunate in the selection of his subject, on the occasion of which we are writing. There had been so much personal activity, and so much political discussion, during the past week, as to prevent him from writing a new sermon; and, of course, he was compelled to fall back on the other end of the barrel. The recent arguments inclined him to maintain his own opinions; and he chose a discourse which he had delivered to the garrison of which he had last been chaplain. To this choice he had been enticed by the text, which was, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's;" a mandate that would be far more palatable to an audience composed of royal troops, than to one which had become a good deal

disaffected by the arts and arguments of Joel Strides and the miller. Still, as the sermon contained a proper amount of theological truisms, and had a sufficiency of general orthodoxy to cover a portion of its political bearing, it gave far more dissatisfaction to a few of the knowing than to the multitude. To own the truth, the worthy priest was so much addicted to continuing his regimental and garrison course of religious instruction, that his ordinary listeners would scarcely observe this tendency to loyalty; though it was far different with those who were eagerly looking for causes of suspicion and denunciation in the higher quarters.

"Well," said Joel, as he and the miller, followed by their respective families, proceeded towards the mill, where the household of the Strides were to pass the remainder of the day; "well, this is a bold sermon for a minister to preach in times like these! I kind o' guess, if Mr. Woods was down in the Bay, 'render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's' wouldn't be doctrine to be so quietly received by every congregation. What 's your notion about that, Miss Strides?"

Miss Strides thought exactly as her husband thought; and the miller and his wife were not long in chiming in with her, accordingly. The sermon furnished material for conversation throughout the remainder of the day at the mill; and divers conclusions were drawn from it, which were ominous to the preacher's future comfort and security.

Nor did the well-meaning parson entirely escape comment in the higher quarters.

"I wish, Woods, you had made choice of some other subject," observed the captain, as he and his friend walked the lawn together, in waiting for a summons to dinner. "In times like these, one cannot be too careful of the political notions one throws out; and, to own the truth to you, I am more than half inclined to think that Cæsar is exercising quite as much authority, in these colonies, as justly falls to his share."

"Why, my dear captain, you have heard this very sermon three or four times already; and you have more than once mentioned it with commendation!"

"Ay, but that was in garrison, where one is obliged to teach subordination. I remember

the sermon quite well; and a very good one it was twenty years since, when you first preached it; but—"

"I apprehend, Captain Willoughby, that '*tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*' That the mandates and maxims of the Saviour are far beyond the mutations and erring passions of mortality. His sayings are intended for all times."

"Certainly, as respects their general principles and governing truths. But no text is to be interpreted without some reference to circumstances. All I mean is, that the preaching which might be very suitable to a battalion of his Majesty's Fortieth might be very unsuitable for the labourers of the Hutted Knoll; more especially so soon after what I find is called the Battle of Lexington."

The summons to dinner cut short the discourse, and probably prevented a long, warm, but friendly argument.

That afternoon and evening Captain Willoughby and his son had a private and confidential discourse. The former advised the major to rejoin his regiment without delay, unless he

were prepared to throw up his commission and take sides with the colonists altogether. To this the young soldier would not listen; returning to the charge, in the hope of rekindling the dormant flame of his father's loyalty.

The reader is not to suppose that Captain Willoughby's own mind was absolutely made up to fly into open rebellion. Far from it. He had his doubts and misgivings on the subjects of both principles and prudence, but he inclined strongly to the equity of the demands of the Americans. Independence, or separation, if thought of at all in 1775, entered into the projects of but very few; the warmest wish of the most ardent of the Whigs of the colonies being directed towards compromise, and a distinct recognition of their political franchises. The events that followed so thickly were merely the consequences of causes which, once set in motion, soon attained an impetus that defied ordinary human control. It was, doubtless, one of the leading incidents of the great and mysterious scheme of Divine Providence for the government of the future destinies of man, that political separation should commence, in this

hemisphere, at that particular juncture; to be carried out before the end of a century to its final and natural conclusion.

But the present interview was less to debate the merits of any disputed question, than to consult on the means of future intercourse, and to determine on what was best to be done at the present moment. After discussing the matter *pro* and *con.*, it was decided that the major should quit the Knoll the next day, and return to Boston, avoiding Albany and those points of the country in which he would be most exposed to detection. So many persons were joining the American forces which were collecting about the besieged town, that his journeying on the proper road would excite no suspicion; and, once in the American camp, nothing would be easier than to find his way into the peninsula. All this young Willoughby felt no difficulty in being able to accomplish, provided he could get into the settlements without being followed by information of his real character. The period of spies, and of the severe exercise of martial law, was not yet reached; and all that was apprehended was detention. Of the last, however, there was great

danger; positive certainty, indeed, in the event of discovery; and Major Willoughby had gleaned enough during his visit to feel some apprehensions of being betrayed. He regretted having brought his servant with him, for the man was an European, and by his dulness and speech might easily get them both into difficulties. So serious, indeed, was this last danger deemed by the father, that he insisted on Robert's starting without the man, leaving the last to follow on the first suitable occasion.

As soon as this point was settled, there arose the question of the proper guide. Although he distrusted the Tuscarora, Captain Willoughby, after much reflection, came to the opinion that it would be safer to make an ally of him than to give him an opportunity of being employed by the other side. Nick was sent for, and questioned. He promised to take the major to the Hudson, at a point between Lunenburg and Kinderhook, where he would be likely to cross the river without awakening suspicion; his own reward to depend on his coming back to the Hutted Knoll with a letter from the major, authorizing the father to pay him for his services. This

plan, it was conceived, would keep Nick true to his faith, for the time being, at least.

Many other points were discussed between the father and son; the latter promising, if anything of importance occurred, to find the means of communicating it to his friends at the Knoll: while Farrel was to follow his master, at the end of six weeks or two months, with letters from the family. Many of the captain's old army-friends were now in situations of authority and command, and he sent to them messages of prudence, and admonitions to be moderate in their views, which subsequent events proved were little regarded. To General Gage he even wrote, using the precaution not to sign the letter; though its sentiments were so much in favour of the colonies, that, had it been intercepted, it is most probable the Americans would have forwarded the missive to its direction.

These matters arranged, the father and son parted for the night, some time after the house-clock had struck the hour of twelve.

CHAPTER IX.

Though old in cunning, as in years,
He is so small, that like a child
In face and form the god appears,
And sportive like a boy, and wild;
Lightly he moves from place to place,
In none at rest, in none content;
Delighted some new toy to chase—
On childish purpose ever bent.
Beware! to childhood's spirits gay
Is added more than childhood's power;
And you perchance may rue the hour
That saw you join his seeming play.

GRIFFIN.

THE intention of the major to quit the Knoll that day, was announced to the family at breakfast on the following morning. His mother and Beulah heard this intelligence with a natural and affectionate concern, which they had no scruples in avowing; but Maud seemed to have so schooled her feelings, that the grief she really

felt was under a prudent control. To her it appeared as if her secret were constantly on the point of exposure, and she believed *that* would cause her instant death. To survive its shame was impossible in her eyes; and all the energies of her nature were aroused, with the determination of burying her weakness in her own bosom. She had been so near revealing it to Beulah, that even now she trembled as she thought of the precipice over which she had been impending, strengthening her resolution by the recollection of the danger she had run.

As a matter of necessary caution, the intended movements of the young man were kept a profound secret from all in the settlement. Nick had disappeared in the course of the night, carrying with him the major's pack; having repaired to a designated point on the stream, where he was to be joined by his fellow-traveller at an hour named. There were several forest-paths which led to the larger settlements. That usually travelled was in the direction of old Fort Stanwix, first proceeding north, and then taking a south-eastern direction, along the shores of the Mohawk. This was the route by which the major

had come. Another struck the Otsego, and joined the Mohawk at the point more than once mentioned in our opening chapters. As these were the two ordinary paths—if paths they could be called, where few or no traces of footsteps were visible—it was more than probable that any plan to arrest the traveller would be laid in reference to their courses. The major had consequently resolved to avoid them both, and to strike boldly into the mountains, until he should reach the Susquehannah, cross that stream on its flood-wood, and finding one of its tributaries that flowed in from the eastward, by following its banks to the high land which divides the waters of the Mohawk from this latter river, place himself on a route that would obliquely traverse the water-courses, which in this quarter of the country have all a general north or south direction. Avoiding Schenectady and Albany, he might incline towards the old establishments of the descendants of the emigrants from the Palatinate on the Schoharie, and reach the Hudson at a point deemed safe for his purposes, through some of the passes of the mountains in their vicinity. He was to travel in the character of a land-owner

who had been visiting his patent, and his father supplied him with a map and an old field-book, which would serve to corroborate his assumed character in the event of suspicion or arrest. Not much danger was apprehended, however, the quarrel being yet too recent to admit of the organization and distrust which subsequently produced so much vigilance and activity.

"You will contrive to let us hear of your safe arrival in Boston, Bob," observed the father, as he sat stirring his tea, in a thoughtful way; "I hope to God the matter will go no farther, and that our apprehensions, after all, have given this dark appearance to what has already happened."

"Ah! my dear father, you little know the state of the country through which I have so lately travelled," answered the major, shaking his head. "An alarm of fire in an American town would scarce create more movement, and not so much excitement. The colonies are alive, particularly those of New England, and a civil war is inevitable; though I trust the power of England will render it short."

"Then, Robert, do not trust yourself among the people of New England," cried the anxious

mother. "Go rather to New York, where we have many friends, and so much influence. It will be easier to reach New York than Boston."

"That may be true, mother, but it will scarcely be as creditable. My regiment is in Boston, and its enemies are *before* Boston; an old soldier like Captain Willoughby will tell you that the major is a very necessary officer to a corps. No, no; my best course is to fall into the current of adventurers who are pushing towards Boston, and appear like one of their number, until I can get an opportunity of stealing away from them, and join my own people."

"Have a care, Bob, that you do not commit a military crime. Perhaps these provincial officers may take it into their heads to treat you as a spy, should you fall into their hands!"

"Little fear of that, sir; at present it is a sort of colonial scramble for what they fancy liberty. That they will fight, in their zeal, I know, for I have seen it; but matters have not at all gone as far as you appear to apprehend. I question if they would even stop Gage himself from going through their camp, were he outside, and did he express a desire to return."

"And yet you tell me that arms and ammunition are seized all over the land; that several old half-pay officers of the King have been arrested, and put under a sort of parole!"

"Such things were talked of, certainly, though I question if they have yet been done. Luckily for yourself, under your present opinions at least, *you* are not on half-pay, even."

"It is fortunate, Bob, though you mention it with a smile. With my present feelings I should, indeed, be sorry to be on half-pay, or quarter-pay, were there such a thing. I now feel myself my own master, at liberty to follow the dictates of my conscience, and the suggestions of my judgment."

"Well, sir, you are a little fortunate, it must be acknowledged. I cannot see how a man *can* be at liberty to throw off the allegiance he owes his natural sovereign. What think you, Maud?"

This was said half in bitterness, half in jest; though the appeal at its close was uttered in a serious manner, and a little anxiously. Maud hesitated ere she replied.

"My feelings are against rebellion," she said, at length; "though I fear my reason tells me

there is no such thing as a natural sovereign. If the Parliament had not given us the present family a century since, by what rule of nature would it be our princes, Bob?"

"Ah! these are some of the flights of your rich imagination, my dear Maud; it is Parliament that has made them our princes, and Parliament, at least, is our legal, constitutional master."

"That is just the point in dispute. Parliament may be the rightful governors of England, but are they the rightful governors of America?"

"Enough," said the captain, rising from table. "We will not discuss such a question just as we are about to separate. Go, my son; a duty that is to be performed, cannot be done too soon. Your fowling-piece and ammunition are ready for you, and I shall take care to circulate the report that you have gone to pass an hour in the woods in search of pigeons. God bless you, Bob! however we may differ in this matter, you are my son — my *only* son — my dear and well-beloved boy—God for ever bless you!"

A profound stillness succeeded this burst of nature, and then the young man took his leave of his mother and the girls. Mrs. Willoughby

kissed her child. She did not even weep until she was in her room; then, indeed, she went to her knees, her tears, and her prayers. Beulah, all heart and truth as she was, wept freely on her brother's neck; but Maud, though pale and trembling, received his kiss without returning it; though she could not help saying, with a meaning that the young man had in his mind all that day,—ay, and for many succeeding days,—"Be careful of yourself, and run into no unnecessary dangers; God bless you, dear, *dear* Bob!"

Maud alone followed the movements of the gentlemen with her eyes. The peculiar construction of the Hut prevented external view from the south windows; but there was a loop in a small painting-room of the garret, which was especially under her charge. Thither, then, she flew, to ease her nearly bursting heart with tears, and to watch the retiring footsteps of Robert. She saw him, accompanied by his father and the chaplain, stroll leisurely down the lawn, conversing and affecting an indifferent manner, with a wish to conceal his intent to depart. The glass of the loop was open, to admit the air; and Maud strained her sense of hearing,

in the desire to catch, if possible, another tone of his voice. In this she was unsuccessful, though he stopped and gazed back at the Hut, as if to take a parting look. Her father and Mr. Woods did not turn, and Maud thrust her hand through the opening and waved her handkerchief. "He will think it Beulah or me," she thought, "and it may prove a consolation to him to know how much *we* love him." The major saw the signal and returned it. His father unexpectedly turned, and caught a glimpse of the retiring hand as it was disappearing within the loop. "That is our precious Maud!" he said, without other thought than of her sisterly affection. "It is *her* painting-room; Beulah's is on the other side of the gateway, but the window does not seem to be open."

The major started, kissed his hand fervently five or six times, and then walked on. As if to change the conversation, he said hastily, and with a little want of connection with what had passed—

"Yes, sir, that gate, sure enough; have it hung at once, I do entreat of you. I shall not be easy until I hear that both the gates are hung; that in the stockade, and that in the house itself."

"It was my intention to commence to-day," returned the father, "but your departure has prevented it. I will wait a day or two, to let your mother and sisters tranquillize their minds a little, before we besiege them with the noise and clamour of the workmen."

"Better besiege them with *that*, my dear sir, than leave them exposed to an Indian, or even a rebel attack."

The major then went on to give some of his more modern military notions touching the art of defence. As one of the old school, he believed his father a miracle of skill; but what young man, who had enjoyed the advantages of ten or fifteen years of the most recent training in any branch of knowledge, ever believed the educations of those who went before him beyond the attacks of criticism? The captain listened patiently, and with an old man's tolerance for inexperience, glad to have any diversion to unhappy thoughts.

All this time Maud watched their movements from the loop with eyes streaming with tears. She saw Robert pause, and look back, again and again; and, once more, she thrust out the handkerchief. It was plain, however, he did not see

it; for he turned and proceeded, without any answering signal.

"He never *can* know whether it was Beulah or I," thought Maud; "yet he may fancy we are *both* here."

On the rocks that overhung the mills the gentlemen paused, and conversed for quite a quarter of an hour. The distance prevented Maud from discerning their countenances; but she could perceive the thoughtful, and, as she fancied, melancholy attitude of the major, as, leaning on his fowling-piece, his face was turned towards the Knoll, and his eyes were really riveted on the loop. At the end of the time mentioned the young soldier shook hands hastily and covertly with his companions, hurried towards the path, and descended out of sight, following the course of the stream. Maud saw him no more, though her father and Mr. Woods stood on the rocks quite half an hour longer, catching occasional glimpses of his form as it came out of the shadows of the forest into the open space of the little river, and, indeed, until the major was within a short distance of the spot where he was to meet the Indian. Then they heard the reports of both

barrels of his fowling-piece, fired in quick succession, the signals that he had joined his guide. This welcome news received, the two gentlemen returned slowly towards the house.

Such was the commencement of a day, which, while it brought forth nothing alarming to the family of the Hutted Knoll, was still pregnant with important consequences. Major Willoughby disappeared from the sight of his father about ten in the morning; and, before twelve, the settlement was alive with the rumours of a fresh arrival. Joel knew not whether to rejoice or to despair, as he saw a party of eight or ten armed men rising above the rock, and holding their course across the flats towards the house. He entertained no doubt of its being a party sent by the provincial authorities to arrest the captain, and he foresaw the probability of another's being put into the lucrative station of receiver of the estate during the struggle which was in perspective. It is surprising how many and sometimes how pure patriots are produced by just such hopes as those of Joel. At this day, there is scarce an instance of a confiscated estate, during the American revolution, connected with which racy tradi-

tions are not to be found, that tell of treachery very similar to this contemplated by the overseer; in some instances, of treachery effected by means of kinsmen and false friends.

Joel had actually got on his Sunday coat, and was making his way towards the Knoll, in order to be present, at least, at the anticipated scene, when, to his amazement, and somewhat to his disappointment, he saw the captain and chaplain moving down the lawn in a manner to show that these unexpected arrivals brought not unwelcome guests. This caused him to pause; and, when he perceived that the only two among the strangers who had the air of gentlemen were met with cordial shakes of the hand, he turned back towards his own tenement, a half-dissatisfied and yet half-contented man.

The visit which the captain had come out to receive, instead of producing any uneasiness in his family, was, in truth, highly agreeable and very opportune. It was Evert Beekman, with an old friend, attended by a party of chain-bearers, hunters, &c., on his way from the "patent" he owned in the neighbourhood,—that is to say, within fifty miles,—and halting

at the Hutted Knoll under the courteous pretence of paying his respects to the family, but, in reality, to bring the suit he had now been making to Beulah for quite a twelvemonth to a successful termination.

The attachment between Evert Beekman and Beulah Willoughby was of a character so simple, so sincere, and so natural, as scarcely to furnish materials for a brief episode. The young man had not made his addresses without leave obtained from the parents; he had been acceptable to the daughter from the commencement of their acquaintance; and she had only asked time to reflect, ere she gave her answer, when he proposed, a day or two before the family left New York.

To own the truth, Beulah was a little surprised that her suitor had delayed his appearance till near the close of May, when she had expected to see him at the beginning of the month. A letter, however, was out of the question, since there was no mode of transmitting it, unless the messenger were sent expressly; and the young man had now come in person to make his own apologies.

Beulah received Evert Beekman naturally, and without the least exaggeration of manner,

though a quiet happiness beamed in her handsome face, which said as much as lover could reasonably desire. Her parents welcomed him cordially, and the suitor must have been dull indeed not to anticipate all he hoped. Nor was it long before every doubt was removed. The truthful conscientious Beulah had well consulted her heart; and, while she blushed at her own temerity, she owned her attachment to her admirer. The very day of his arrival they became formally betrothed. As our tale, however, has but a secondary connection with this little episode, we shall not dwell on it more than is necessary to the principal object. It was a busy morning altogether; and, though there were many tears, there were also many smiles. By the time it was usual, at that bland season, for the family to assemble on the lawn, everything, even to the day, had been settled between Beulah and her lover, and there was a little leisure to think of other things. It was while the younger Pliny and one of the Smashes were preparing the tea that the following conversation was held, being introduced by Mr. Woods, in the way of digressing from feelings in which he was not quite as much interested as some of the party.

"Do you bring us anything new from Boston?" demanded the chaplain. "I have been dying to ask the question these two hours,—ever since dinner, in fact; but somehow, Mr. Beekman, I have not been able to edge in an inquiry."

This was said good-naturedly, but quite innocently; eliciting smiles, blushes, and meaning glances in return. Evert Beekman, however, looked grave before he made his reply.

"To own the truth, Mr. Woods," he said, "things are getting to be very serious. Boston is surrounded by thousands of our people; and we hope, not only to keep the King's forces in the Peninsula, but to drive them out of the colony."

"This is a bold measure, Mr. Beekman!—a very bold step to take against Cæsar!"

"Woods preached about the rights of Cæsar no later than yesterday, you ought to know, Beekman," put in the laughing captain; "and I am afraid he will be publicly praying for the success of the British arms before long."

"I *did* pray for the Royal Family," said the chaplain with spirit, "and hope I shall ever continue to do so."

"My dear fellow, I do not object to *that*.

Pray for all conditions of men, enemies and friends alike; and, particularly, pray for our princes: but pray also to turn the hearts of their advisers."

Beekman seemed uneasy. He belonged to a decidedly Whig family, and was himself, at the very moment, spoken of as the colonel of one of the regiments about to be raised in the colony of New York. He held that rank in the militia, as it was; and no one doubted his disposition to resist the British forces at the proper moment. He had even stolen away from what he conceived to be very imperative duties, to secure the woman of his heart before he went into the field. His answer, in accordance, partook essentially of the bias of his mind.

"I do not know, sir, that it is quite wise to pray so very willingly for the Royal Family," he said. "We may wish them worldly happiness, and spiritual consolation, as part of the human race; but political and specific prayers, in times like these, are to be used with caution. Men attach more than the common religious notion, just now, to prayers for the King, which some interpret into direct petitions against the United Colonies."

"Well," rejoined the captain, "I cannot agree to this, myself. If there were a prayer to confound Parliament and its councils, I should be very apt to join in it cordially; but I am not yet ready to throw aside King, Queen, Princes and Princesses, all in a lump, on account of a few taxes and a little tea."

"I am sorry to hear this from you, sir," answered Evert. "When your opinions were canvassed lately at Albany, I gave a sort of pledge that you were certainly more with us than against us."

"Well then, I think, Beekman, you drew me in my true outlines. In the main, I think the colonies right, though I am still willing to pray for the King."

"I am one of those, Captain Willoughby, who look forward to the most serious times. The feeling throughout the colonies is tremendous, and the disposition on the part of the royal officers is to meet the crisis with force."

"You have a brother a captain of foot in one of the regiments of the Crown, Colonel Beekman—what are his views in this serious state of affairs?"

"He has already thrown up his commission, refusing even to sell out, a privilege that was afforded him. His name is now before Congress for a majority in one of the new regiments that are to be raised."

The captain looked grave, Mrs. Willoughby anxious, Beulah interested, and Maud thoughtful.

"This has a serious aspect, truly," observed the first. "When men abandon all their early hopes, to assume new duties, there must be a deep and engrossing cause. I had not thought it likely to come to this!"

"We have had hopes that Major Willoughby might do the same; I know that a regiment is at his disposal, if he be disposed to join us. No one would be more gladly received. We are to have Gates, Montgomery, Lee, and many other old officers from regular corps, on our side."

"Will Colonel Lee be put at the head of the American forces?"

"I think not, sir. He has a high reputation, and a good deal of experience, but he is a humourist; and what is something, though you will pardon it, he is not an American born."

"It is quite right to consult such considera-

tions, Beekman; were I in Congress, they would influence *me*, Englishman as I am, and in many things must always remain."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Willoughby," exclaimed the chaplain; "right down rejoiced to hear you say so! A man is bound to stand by his birth-place through thick and thin."

"How do you, then, reconcile your opinions in this matter to *your* birth-place, Woods?" asked the laughing captain.

To own the truth, the chaplain was a little confused. He had entered into the controversy with so much zeal, of late, as to have imbibed the feelings of a thorough partisan; and, as is usual with such philosophers, was beginning to overlook everything that made against his opinions, and to exaggerate everything that sustained them.

"How?" he cried with zeal, if not with consistency; "why, well enough. I am an Englishman too, in the general view of the case, though born in Massachusetts. Of English descent, and an English subject."

"Umph! Then Beekman, here, who is of Dutch descent, is not bound by the same principles as we are ourselves?"

"Not by the same *feelings*, possibly; but, surely, by the same principles. Colonel Beekman is an Englishman by construction, and you are by birth. Yes, I 'm what may be called a *constructive* Englishman."

Even Mrs. Willoughby and Beulah laughed at this, though not a smile had crossed Maud's face since her eye had lost Robert Willoughby from view. The captain's ideas seemed to take a new direction, and he was silent some little time before he spoke.

"Under the circumstances in which we are now placed as respects each other, Mr. Beekman," he said, "it is proper that there should be no concealments on grave points. Had you arrived an hour or two earlier, you would have met a face well known to you, in that of my son, Major Willoughby."

"Major Willoughby, my dear sir!" exclaimed Beekman, with a start of unpleasant surprise, "I had supposed him with the royal army in Boston. You say he has left the Knoll—I sincerely hope, not for Albany."

"No: I wished him to go in that direction, at first, and to see you, in particular; but his

representations of the state of the country induced me to change my mind. He travels by a private way, avoiding all the towns of note or size."

"In that he has done well, sir. Near to me as a brother of Beulah's must always seem, I should be sorry to see Bob just at this moment. If there be no hope of getting him to join us, the farther we are separated the better."

This was said gravely, and it caused all who heard it fully to appreciate the serious character of a quarrel which threatened to arm brother against brother. As if by common consent, the discourse changed; all appearing anxious, at a moment otherwise so happy, to obliterate impressions so unpleasant from their thoughts.

The captain, his wife, Beulah, and the colonel had several long and private communications in the course of the evening. Maud was not sorry to be left to herself; and the chaplain devoted his time to the entertainment of the friend of Beekman, who was in truth a surveyor, brought along partly to preserve appearances, and partly for service. The chain-bearers, hunters, &c., had been distributed in the different cabins of

the settlement immediately on the arrival of the party.

That night, when the sisters retired, Maud perceived that Beulah had something to communicate out of the common way. Still, she did not know whether it would be proper for her to make any inquiries, and things were permitted to take their natural course. At length Beulah, in her gentle way, remarked—

"It is a fearful thing, Maud, for a woman to take upon herself the new duties, obligations, and ties of a wife."

"She should *not* do it, Beulah, unless she feels a love for the man of her choice that will sustain her in them. You, who have *real* parents living, ought to feel this fully, as I doubt not you do."

"*Real* parents! Maud, you frighten me! Are not *my* parents *yours?*—Is not all our love common?"

"I am ashamed of myself, Beulah. Dearer and better parents than mine no girl ever had. I am ashamed of my words, and beg you will forget them."

"That I shall be very ready to do. It was

a great consolation to think that, should I be compelled to quit home, as compelled I must be in the end, I should leave with my father and mother a child as dutiful and one that loves them as sincerely as yourself, Maud."

"You have thought right, Beulah. I do love them to my heart's core! Then you are right in another sense; for I shall *never* marry. My mind is made up to *that*."

"Well, dear, many are happy who never marry: many women are happier than those who do. Evert has a kind, manly, affectionate heart, and, I know, will do all he can to prevent my regretting home; but we can never have more than *one* mother, Maud!"

Maud did not answer, though she looked surprised that Beulah should say this to *her*.

"Evert has reasoned and talked so much to my father and mother," continued the *fiancée*, blushing, "that they have thought we had better be married at once. Do you know, Maud, that it has been settled this evening that the ceremony is to take place to-morrow!"

"This is sudden indeed, Beulah! Why have they determined on so unexpected a thing?"

"It is all owing to the state of the country. I know not how he has done it; but Evert has persuaded my father, that, the sooner I am his wife, the more secure we shall *all* be here at the Knoll."

"I hope you love Evert Beekman, dearest, dearest Beulah?"

"What a question, Maud! Do you suppose I could stand up before a minister of God, and plight my faith to a man I did not love? Why have you seemed to doubt it?"

"I do not doubt it. I am very foolish; for I know you are conscientious as the saints in heaven: and yet, Beulah, I think *I* could scarce be so tranquil about one I loved."

The gentle Beulah smiled, but she no longer felt uneasiness. She understood the impulses and sentiments of her own pure but tranquil nature too well to distrust herself; and she could easily imagine that Maud would not be as composed under similar circumstances.

"Perhaps it is well, sister of mine," she answered, laughing, though blushing, "that you are so resolved to remain single; for one hardly knows where to find a suitor sufficiently devoted

and ethereal for your taste. No one pleased you last winter, though the least encouragement would have brought a dozen to your feet; and here there is no one you can possibly have, unless it be dear, good, old Mr. Woods."

Maud compressed her lips, and really looked stern; so determined was she to command herself: then she answered somewhat in her sister's vein.

"It is very true," she said, "there is no hero for me to accept, unless it be dear Mr. Woods; and he, poor man! has had one wife who cured him of any desire to possess another, they say."

"Mr. Woods! I never knew that he was married. Who can have told you this, Maud?"

"I got it from Robert," answered the other, hesitating a little. "He was talking one day of such things."

"What things, dear?"

"Why, of getting married—I believe it was about marrying relatives, or connections, or some such things; for Mr. Woods married a cousin-german, it would seem: and so he told me all about it. Bob was old enough to know his

wife when she died. Poor man, she led him a hard life.—He must be far from the Knoll by this time, Beulah!"

"Mr. Woods! I left him with papa, a few minutes since, talking over the ceremony for to-morrow!"

"I meant Bob!"

Here the sisters caught each other's eyes, and both blushed, consciousness presenting to them at the same instant the images that were uppermost in their respective minds. But no more was said. They continued their employments in silence, and soon each was kneeling in prayer.

The following day Evert Beekman and Beulah Willoughby were married. The ceremony took place immediately after breakfast, in the little chapel: no one being present but the relatives and Michael O'Hearn; who quieted his conscience, for not worshipping with the rest of the people, by acting as their sexton. The honest County-Leitrim man was let into the secret—as a great secret, however—at early dawn; and he had the place swept and in order in good season, appearing in his Sunday attire, to do honour to the occasion, as he thought became him.

A mother, as tender as Mrs. Willoughby, could not resign the first claim on her child without indulging her tears. Maud wept too, but it was as much in sympathy for Beulah's happiness as from any other cause. The marriage, in other respects, was simple, and without any ostentatious manifestations of feeling. It was, in truth, one of those rational and wise connections which promise to wear well; there being a perfect fitness, in station, wealth, connections, years, manners, and habits, between the parties. Violence was done to nothing, in bringing this discreet and well-principled couple together. Evert was as worthy of Beulah, as she was worthy of him. There was confidence in the future, on every side; and not a doubt, or a misgiving of any sort, mingled with the regrets, if regrets they could be called, that were, in some measure, inseparable from the solemn ceremony.

The marriage was completed, the affectionate father had held the weeping but smiling bride on his bosom, the tender mother had folded her to her heart, Maud had pressed her in her arms in a fervent embrace, and the chaplain had claimed

his kiss, when the well-meaning sexton approached.

"Is it the likes of yees I wish well to!" said Mike: "ye may well say *that;* and to yer husband, and childer, and all that will go before, and all that have come afther ye! I know'd ye when ye was mighty little, and that was years agone; and never have I seen a cross look on yer pretthy face. I 've app'inted to myself, many 's the time, a consait to tell ye all this by wor-r-d of mouth! but the likes of yees, and of the Missus, and of Miss Maud there—och! isn't she a swate one! and many 's the pity there 's no sich tall handsome jontleman to take *her* in the bargain, bad luck to him for staying away! And so God bless ye all, praist in the bargain, though he's no praist at all; and there's my good wishes said and done!"

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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